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KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

THERE was a meeting on the sea
Between two rival ships;
One bore the ensign of the Free,
Stars that know not eclipse;
The other, at her mast head, spread
Rebellion's haughty flag;
Of unarmed merchantmen the dread
Borne by Semmes, Lee and Bragg.

II.

"Leave not this coast," said boasting Semmes,
"And I will prove to you,
That furled before the rag I sport
Will be 'Red, White and Blue.'
Long have I wished to measure strength,
Brave Winslow, with your craft;
The Alabama's broad side stern
Can sweep her fore and aft."

III.

"I am no braggart, but my ship,"
Was Winslow's stern reply,
"Beneath the Ocean's rim shall dip,
Ere struck the stars on high;
Trip anchor, and my vessel meet,
With none to interfere,
And my broadside of iron sleet,
Will warn you—I am here."

IV.

The Alabama left her port
In conflict to engage;
Her flag, so long of winds the sport,
To feel the battle's rage.
When near the Kear-sa-ge she drew,
Her port-holes opened fire;
But grandly the "Red, White and Blue"
Defied the foeman's ire.

V.

No answer from the Kear-sa-ge
Came while the round shot rained,
But soon upon the heaving sea
The weather-gage she gained;
Her broadside loudly opened then
Well aimed her deadly balls,
Slaying the Alabama's men,
While her tall mainmast falls.

VI.

Swept by her shot, the pirate's deck
Grew red with rascal blood,
And soon a hopeless, helpless wreck
Was on the Ocean flood.
She tried in vain above the wave
To float on as of yore;
Deep in the sea must be her grave
To curse the world no more.

VII.

Her hull was riddled by our shot,
The waves she cannot plough;
Her crazy helm she answers not,
Where is her boasting now?
Forever float our banner proud,
On land and rolling sea,
The sailor's and the soldier's shroud
Who strike for Liberty.

VIII.

While she struggles on the deep
To keep in pride afloat;
But soon far down her bones must sleep,
Gone mainmast, crew, and boat.
The pirate Semmes long tried in vain
To bring broadside to bear;
Our furious storm of iron rain
His soul filled with despair.

IX.

The Alabama's deck with blood
Was darkly, deeply dyed,
And now beneath the ocean flood,
She sinks in all her pride.
Such be the fate of all who try
Our Union to dissever,
For Freedom's motto—"Do or die"
Upholds the Stars forever.

X.

The furrowed waves are red with strife,
And thick with drowning men;
Semmes struggles in the sea for life
To curse the world again.
The Kear-sa-ge withholds her crew
From killing drowning foes;
Triumphant, the "Red, White and Blue"
A light on ocean throws.

XI.

An English yacht that hovered nigh,
Picked up the drowning crew;
While crowned with victory waved on high
The bold "Red, White and Blue."
Beneath the flag of England old
The traitor safety found;
But on his grave the funeral mould
Will be unholy ground.

XII.

Fill high the glass! and drink the health
Of Winslow brave and bold,
Remembering a nation's wealth
Is in true sons, not gold.
Long may he live to rid the world
Of pirates, dark and dread,
And when he dies may be unfurled
Heaven's flag above his head.

August 1st, 1864.

JAMES W. BANCKER—THE RETIRED SHOWMAN.

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THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND,"
And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A LIONESS IN THE CIRCUS RING.

"Oh, sir, I'm not much hurt, only nervous," murmured the leading equestrian performer at a traveling show, as she was being raised from the tan-covered ground by the sinewy arms of a ring director, who, hastening to her relief after being thrown from her horse, somewhat gruffly inquired as to the extent of her injury.

"Glad to hear it, ma'am, and we'll go on with the act," responded the master of ceremonies, apparently regarding any danger arising from the lady's temporary discomfiture as of secondary importance to the gross receipts of the next house. "Joe'll give 'em a joke or two, or may be a comic song, while you and the animal gathers wind. Tip 'em something lively, Joe, and be sharp about it, that's a good fellow."

"Poor Celestine!" abstractedly muttered the young man in this wise addressed, who, attired in conventional motley, appeared to officiate as jester to the entertainment. Then, after a moment's pause, during which he sighed audibly, the clown added, in a tone of voice contrasting strangely with his habitual assumption of boisterous declamation, "It was a terrible fall, and you had better withdraw for the rest of the night."

"No, thank you, Joe," replied the lady, evidently touched by the sincerity of the proffered advice, "I must do the act, and do it I will." As the performer spoke, she extracted herself from the supporting embrace of the ring master, and advanced tremulously towards the centre of the arena, in order to convince by her actions the more sceptical of a crowded auditory that no physical injury had chanced to her through the occurrence of the untoward mishap.

"That's a good girl," patronizingly remarked the director, brushing from his uniform of questionable brilliancy a few rain drops, which had penetrated the canvas ceiling of his temporary dominion, and off he strutted in his circumscribed parade around the saw-dust circle, with a consequential stride and solemn roll, casting an eye behind him, every moment or so, to perceive whether his footsteps had been legitimately trodden by the obsequious dispenser of traditional circus wit and humor.

"Bring up Bucephalus," authoritatively shouted the master of equine ceremonies, who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Mr. Hunnicumb, to a bespangled attendant in remarkably dirty tights, who pretended to be guarding a powerful black horse whose massy frame fairly quivered with excitement, as the white foam dripped from his mouth while he pawed the ground tremulously. The gentleman in spangles was evidently no incipient Alexander; for, when Bucephalus testified a disposition to move in a contrary direction to that desired of him, his guardian gladly relinquished his management to the fair *equestrienne*, who, after patting her steed affectionately on the neck, and whispering some words of magical influence to quiet his nervousness and alarm, prepared, with a sprightly effort, to vault upon his back.

"Lend her a hand, Mr. Merriman," ordained the dictator of the ring, accompanying his order with the cracking of a formidable whip, which is ordinarily the cue for the perpetration of some time-honored jests on the part of his attending satellite.

But upon this occasion the jester was derelict in mirthful duty; for, regardless of the presiding dignitary's semi-audible grumbling, and the repeated snappings of the whip, he proceeded kindly and in silence to assist the *equestrienne* in assuming her position on the steed. This done, without withdrawing his eyes from her person, he trotted mechanically and doggedly at the heels of his presumed superior, while permitting no movement of either man or beast to escape his scrupulous vigilance.

The monarch of the saw-dust realm was indisputably annoyed at the clown's pertinacious reticence of speech, for he flourished his whip—emblem of authority—with renewed and vindictive vigor. Upon this signal of his sovereign pleasure, the strains of a diminutive collection of brazen instruments resounded through the canvas pavilion, their musical notes swelling above the din of the tempest without, and the plaudits of admiring spectators within. Mechanically the coal-black steed resumed his tutored paces, augmenting in celerity, as the cadences of the band grew more and more inspiriting, and the "Pride of the Arena," warmed to her task by re-awakened enthusiasm, proceeded to the execution of feats of agility and daring, oblivious to the instincts of danger or of pain.

"Bring in the banners!" shouted Mr. Hunnicumb, in the exuberance of regenerated triumph, and in obedience to his mandate half a dozen fellows in tawdry magnificence, sometime hostlers, sometime acrobats, rushed to display as many strips of parti-colored bunting at various points around the circle.

"Show your colors," facetiously ejaculated Mr. Merriman, accompanying his speech with a characteristic grimace, for the spirits of the clown evolved themselves proportionately as solicitude for the safety of the dashing performer dissipated, "the flag of the free and the homes of the brave, never flagging for freedom's home!"

Neither did the jester pause at this ebullition of patriotic fantasy, but, clearing his voice in the most approved manner of Italian vocalists, he prefaced execution of a stanza from the "Red, White and Blue" by a series of cock crowings and terminated his share in the performance by a stereotyped invitation on behalf of America, to all nations of the Earth to come over here and "lick her."

But when the youthful equestrienne ventured upon the superlative ordeal in horsemanship, riding barebacked without support or bridle, the excited charger skimming the circumference of the circus ring with an almost incredible velocity, the amazed spectators held their breaths in suspense and anxiety, Mr. Hunnicumb plied his lash with such dexterous agility as to produce a volume of sharp reports, resembling the explosion of torpedoes, and poor Joe Jollie, regardless of the dignity of his motley trotted around the arena at such a rattling pace in pedestrianism as to threaten permanent soundness of wind and limb. Finally, when the climax of the great act was attained, and the coal black steed, fairly whitened with sweat and foam, bore off his fine rider from the scene of their mutual triumph, amid the deafening shouts of the spectators and the screams of overtaxed musicians, all traces of the heroine's previous misfortune vanished in the admiration of an energetic and merited success.

The advent of "Colonel Dick Hayes' National American Circus and Mammoth Show" had been, for some weeks, a theme of conversation with the villagers, who had so enthusiastically gathered to welcome its inaugural representation, on the evening to which we have made allusion. For weeks previous to the coming of the "Great Attractions," as the boys insisted upon designating the promised entertainment, the curiosity of the habitual loungers around the bar-room of the Eagle Tavern had been whetted by the occupation of full one half the spare walls of that public sanctuary for the ostentatious display of pictorial designs and typographic embellishments, intended as prophetic indications of approaching marvels. In addition to the ordinary fascinations of a circus show, we were to have the appearance of a world renowned performer, Mademoiselle Celestine, who, despite the prejudice of nationality, so prominently conspicuous in every other feature of the programme, was announced professionally as being a "dashing, daring and beautiful French equestrienne, who had performed before all the crowned heads in the European capitals," the ninth wonder of the world, a miracle in loveliness and grace. A common place visitation of the show folks, with a mirth inspiring Mr. Merriman, a bevy of negro minstrels, a knot of ground and lofty tumblers, and some such conventional attractions would have proven sufficient to turn the heads of any honest village, dependent for excitement upon the resources of home produced amusements, repulsive from their oft repeated monotony, and need we wonder that the promised forthcoming of the "Pride of the Arena" kindled in our midst a fire of curiosity, spreading from hearthside to hearthside, and threatening to consume every living being, from pater familias to cookmaid, with an inextinguishable flame of marvel-seeking excitement. But when the business representative of the mythical Colonel Dick Hayes displayed to the inspection of the Eagle taverattes an elaborately executed portraiture of the "Pride of the Arena" in the very act of performing her great and unparalleled feat of bare back horsemanship, our enthusiasm became boundless in the extreme. How could it be otherwise, when we gazed upon the serene and beautiful countenance of a semi-angelic creature, radiant in the dawn of womanly maturity, who floated, as it were, in mid air upon the back of a raving, tearing steed, the incarnation of equine fury, many feet above the level of terrestrial objects, and who smiled celestially as a Peri entering Eden's gate.

"I swan to man," muttered out Long Jack Bird, after some ten minutes of critical inspection of the lithographic picture, which hung invitingly in the most exalted position of honor in the bar-room, a time-honored portrait of Lafayette having been condescendingly displaced by the landlord to display the heroine to the fullest advantage. "I'd like to marry that 'ar girl—hang my skin, if I wouldn't!" And he religiously rubbed off a few particles of dust obscuring the surface of the glass.

"She aint bad-looking," interrupted Squire Grimes, who had stepped in to take one of his morning drams, "and you're the boy to do it, Jack!"

"Bad-looking, Squire?" meditated the countryman, taking another look at the picture, "I should rather think not;" and then suddenly turning around to the interlocutor, as if in remembrance of the compliment, he said: "What will you try, Squire?"

"Well, Jack," slowly responded our village magistrate, "being it's you, and I don't want to drink alone, I'll—" and here the Squire, to give due importance to his dimdence, hemmed and coughed twice, "I'll try a trifle of apple jack—make it a toddy, Jim."

"It's going to be a tip-top show, Squire," remarked Long Jack, whose eyes irresistibly wandered in the direction of the equestrienne's portrait, after he and his companion had seated themselves by a plain oak table, "I'm bound to be thar, if it's only to see that 'ar woman."

"Take care, Jack," quoth the Squire, with a leer of the eye, "caliker is a dangerous article to run arter, and show folks mitey tricky."

"Not all on 'em," responded Jack, as he shook his head dubiously.

"Why, Jack, you haint seen the world—you haint;" and as the Squire uttered these sardonic words, he opened a massive tobacco box, whence he extracted one half the contents and transferred it to his capacious mouth. "I have, Jack, and there's no knowin' what I've seen;" and here he expectorated, taking deliberate aim at the exact centre of a wooden spittoon laden with sand, and hitting the mark.

"Been among the show folks at York, squire?" meditatively enquired his younger companion, after ordering the glasses to be replenished.

"Afore I was as old as yare," sagely replied the magistrate, proud to display his experience to an appreciative listener.

"And how do you find 'em, Squire?" continued the countryman.

"Much like other folks when you come to know 'em," responded the Squire as he tossed off his second toddy, "only a little more onsartin' and as I said afore, mitety tricky, that's how I found 'em, Jack."

As Squire Grimes had been over a quarter of a century regarded as the oracle of our village, learned in the law and in all matters of mundane wisdom, his opinion was reverentially received by the young farmer, who aspired nevertheless to a considerable amount of natural shrewdness. Long Jack, as Mr. Bird was familiarly termed on account of his physical altitude, he never, for the moment, doubted the accuracy of the Squire's judgment, especially as his eye again rested on the circus placard.

"Why, Jack," resumed the magistrate, after bestowing a look of commiseration upon his companion, "what's the use of my opinion, when you know what come to Kate Eastman? Who spiled that gal's future and tuk her a gallavanting away down to York? Wasn't he a show folk?"

The village functionary touched herein a tender chord in the farmer's sympathies, for, as rumor went, he entertained a kindly passion for the gentle Kate, our promising village belle, who had mysteriously disappeared from her parents' home some year or so before, presumptously in company with a strolling conjuror. Long Jack heaved a deep sigh, and passed the back of his rough hand across his brow, wiping a tear drop which had started to his eye.

"'Taint no use fretting over spilt milk, Jack," philosophized the Squire, "wimen is a preverse and wicked generation, and there is as good fish in the ocean as ever snapped a hook, only mind the show folks, Jack."

The meditative magistrate might have continued his consolatory remarks for an indefinite period of time, were it not that two occurrences brought them to a precipitate termination. In the first place his supply of apple toddy, without which he found it impossible to maintain an even tenor of thought, had inconveniently given out, and in the next his entire nervous system had been shaken by the apparition of a bareheaded, shoeless urchin, who thrust his sunburnt frizzled pate within the open door and disturbed the serenity of our quietude by an explosive ejaculation of "Great attractions come!"

"Going to see 'em, squire?" inquired the young farmer, starting anxiously to his feet, as the prospect of recognizing in person the ideal features of the "Pride of the Arena" re-awakened dormant promptings of curiosity.

"In course I am," responded the squire, in a business-like manner; "it's my duty to do so; they can't show without a license, in course they can't;" and as he uttered these words of authority, Justice Grimes pulled up his shirt collar, brushed his silver-gray beaver, and hobbled forth to assume a prominent position on the piazza of the Eagle Inn.

That no inhabitant of our village should miss contemplation of the magnificence of the promised triumphal entry, the managerial substitute of Col. Dick Hayes had halted his forces at the upper end of the only street by which our embryo city was bisected, and thence saluted our ears with a full volley of national airs, which had the desired effect of emptying into the roadside all the animated contents of our households capable of physical locomotion, with the additional inconvenience of eliciting a sympathetic chorus from every quadruped gifted with powers for howling, braying and moaning.

Presently the cortege, marshalled by the majestic ring master in a clam shell cocked hat and drooping plumes of variegated colors, attended by rival aids in characteristic garbs of motley, defiled through our dusty thoroughfare, amid the cheers and ejaculations of exultant boys, to the wonder of gossipping damsels, and the admiration of horse-loving cavaliers, until finally the long line of red wagons, the contents of which formed a subject of contradictory speculation, came to a decided halt before the person of Squire Grimes, whose dignity and presence were duly acknowledged by a supplementary execution of the "Star-spangled Banner," and honored by a fraternal invitation to imbibe.

One alone of the spectators viewed the termination of this parade with unfeigned regret. It was Jack Bird, who had anxiously scanned the features of the few females connected with the establishment, in a hope of detecting the original of the lithographic sketch which had made so deep an impression on his mind. At the risk of an imputation of rudeness he scrutinized all as they descended from their vehicles, and in dust-covered garments wended their way toward the tavern's more private refuge. Some among them were young—very young—others matrons of mature years, and others again well-grown girls, agile, buxom and frolicsome, apparently enjoying their part in the out-door performances, but none among them in the least resembled the portrait hanging in the bar. The youthful farmer was disappointed and felt sore at heart—the show for him had lost its keenest zest.

"Gwine to rain?" quoth Squire Grimes, who had, after considerable labor, made out the license to perform, and expended a liberal portion of his fee in refreshing his inner man.

"Hope not," rejoined the ring master, who, with his assistants, had doffed their semi-theatrical garments and donned others more congenial to a townsman's taste; "but it can't be helped, if it does."

"Sure to do it," retorted the squire, stamping his leg. "I've got the rheumatiz—had it for twenty odd years—always tells when it's gwine to rain; and it's gwine to rain right smart this blessed night of our Lord!"

Whether the Lord blessed nights upon which it was going to rain or not, it is certain that the ring director found them in an opposite manner; but as Mr. Hunnicumb ever kept an eye to the safe side of a doubt, he precipitately hurried to an adjacent field, wherein his subordinates were erecting a temporary pavilion, in order to anticipate any premature demonstration on the part of the elements.

"Gwine to the show, Jack?" said the loquacious magistrate, finding himself deserted by the crowd of circus people, now called off to the more pressing exercise of their avocations, "it will be tip-top."

"I don't think I will," rather carelessly responded Jack Bird.

"Why not?" rejoined the squire, whose loquacity had been increased by the very large number of apple toddies his professional duties had compelled him to swallow. "I calculated you war gwine."

"So I said," retorted the young farmer; "but it's going to storm—"

"Aint 'fraid of a little water outside?" interrupted the inevitable squire; "'twont do any harm, provided you are all right inside."

Long Jack would doubtlessly have made some further explanation, but was prevented from so doing by the arrival at the inn door of a small travelling chaise, drawn by a single horse, from the window of which peered a pair of brilliant black eyes, the like of which the farmer had never before encountered. Then the face of the owner of the eyes protruded itself, while the eyes glanced around as if in search of some object, and, almost a moment after, a fair white hand was uplifted, evidently beckoning Jack, who had been intently watching every movement of the new-comer.

Despite a deal of native bashfulness, the countryman, concluding that the stranger desired information as to the place, advanced to the chaise, which he found tenanted by the owner of the black eyes, a pet poodle, and any amount of band boxes. The lady received him courteously, but the poodle growled, barked and snapped in perfection of churlishness.

"May I ask," asked the lady in a tone of voice musically clear, "whether the equestrians are stopping at this tavern?"

Long Jack might with propriety have suggested the impropriety of the troupe patronizing any other house of entertainment than the sole one with which our village was blessed, yet he simply replied affirmatively.

Upon receipt of the desired intelligence the fair one dismounted from the vehicle, and as Jack happened to be in gracious humor, and the lady unattended, he volunteered carriage of a band box or so, for having conscientious scruples against death through hydrophobia, he cautiously avoided contact with the poodle. Again the lady, with a smile of compassion at his precaution, accepted his proffered services, and before many minutes the snug little parlor of the Eagle became honored with the presence of the fair stranger, enthroned amid a heap of ... and baggage, whereon ... and valve ... may be imagined, when he recognized in the features of the bright-eyed stranger a remarkable resemblance to those of the equestrienne, whose portrait he had so ardently admired, a discovery which embarrassed his movements to a degree jeopardizing the safety of divers boxes committed to his care for translation to their owner's presence. Satisfied with the identity in the real and imaginary personages, the young farmer, fascinated as well with the living as the ideal heroine, bestowed a furtive glance upon the object of his admiration, and reluctantly withdrew to the companionship of the squire, whom he surprised in the midst of his nineteenth toddy, by an emphatic ejaculation of: "I'm going to the show, squire, I swan to man, I am!"

The justice finished his glass with a decisive toss of the little finger, and, blinking his eyes alternately, responded in a confidential tone: "All right, Jack, my boy, but show folk, wimmen particular, are mitety tricky—that's what I says." Then the squire relapsed into a fresh potation.

Squire Grimes, unlike Cassandra, was respected as a prophet within the realm of his nativity, and with good reason, for, scarce had the shades of night commenced to fall, before dark, lowering clouds, gathering about the setting sun, mantled to the evening sky, sure precursors of a sudden and violent tempest, common to the summer months. Admonished by the rumbling of distant thunder, forewarned by the flashes of lightning, cleaving the overcast heavens, our weather wise villagers grouped in clamorous crowds around the portable office, whence the financial regulator of Col. Dick Hayes' Mammoth Show condescended to receive current coin in exchange for tickets of admission to that much vaunted entertainment. Nor were the sight-seekers imprudent as to that precaution; for no sooner had the entrance ways been thrown open than the fury of the threatened storm unloosed itself in a steady torrent of descending rain. However unpropitious may have been the situation of affairs without, the keen gray eyes of ringmaster Hunnicumb twinkled with speculative delight at the auspicious condition of matters within his tent covered dominion. As he majestically announced the title of each successive act, his vision was delighted by revelation of benches crowded to repletion with spectators, male and female, who, despite the dripping of the rain through the wind shaken canvas roof of the pavilion, despite the oft-repeated reverberation of thunder claps, drowning the strains of the performing bands, despite the visitation of lightning flashes, fitfully illuminating the semi-opaque dimness of the tented inclosure, cheerfully braved the inconvenience and terrors of a passing storm to pay homage to the festive court of which he flourished high chamberlain. Hidden from the view of the audience, in the little recess which spread as a species of green room for the members of the company, during the bitterness of the storm, the star of the evening awaited her call into the arena. Muffled in cloak and shawl, she nervously paced the dampened sod, lost in meditation.

"I cannot be mistaken," she soliloquized to herself, "it must be him, I saw his face too well. Oh, that I should be followed by that accursed image, that the grave should yield up its dead to torture me!"

"Celestine," broke in upon her reverie the voice of Joe Jollie, the clown, "your call is next. Bless me, what ails you—are you ill?"

"No, thank you, Joe," replied the equestrienne, endeavoring to reassume her habitual fortitude, "the weather's damp and I am nervous."

"Deceive me not, Celestine," imploringly said the jester, "something has gone amiss—you are not to be unnerved without some good cause."

"I'll not deceive you, Joe," responded the young woman. "Among the incoming crowd I caught sight of him—risen from the dead."

"Nonsense," earnestly interrupted the man in motley, "it was a mere deception of the brain. If he still lives, he is miles from here."

"I would it were so," murmured the lady, dubiously; "I saw him plainly."

"Courage, Celestine, awaken your energies—in a minute we shall be called."

True enough he spoke, for at that moment the authoritative voice of Mr. Hunnicumb demanded the presence of Joe Jollie, and added in a more subdued tone: "We are waiting for your act, Miss Celestine."

The excitement of expectation had attained its highest pitch when the ring master, with more than habitual pomposity, announced "The Pride of the Arena." Welcomed by a blast of brazen instruments, worthy of a king's advent, and hailed by the encouraging plaudits of the crowd, Celestine vaulted lightly over the intervening barrier, and with a graceful action acknowledged the congratulations of an enthusiastic audience. Then, accepting the proffered assistance of the clown, the fair rider leapt upon the back of her saddleless charger, who, as if conscious of the value of the burden entrusted him, cantered off proudly, measuring his paces by the tones of a popular melody. The heart of Long Jack Bird involuntarily palpitated as his eyes followed the handsome figure of the equestrienne during her initiatory courses around the arena. Previously she had ap-

peared to him as a handsome, intelligent woman, but now, in the resplendent attire of her profession, which displayed modestly, yet to consummate advantage, personal charms, concealed beneath an ordinary garb, she floated before his captivated vision as a being from another sphere, so sylphlike appeared her form, so aerial her movements, so benign and heavenly the expression of her radiant features, for it seemed to him that, as she passed by the seat of our enraptured farmer, the lovely beauty smiled as if in grateful recognition of his presence.

"I swan to man, squire," whispered Jack to his companion, for he dared not speak above his breath through fear of betraying the secret of his thoughts to other neighbors, "if I didn't know that girl to be flesh and blood I should take her for an angel from heaven."

"Yes, Jack," as confidentially returned the village dignitary, "he's an unkimin fine animal, kind under the saddle, but in harness I should say he'd be mitety tricky—show horses gin'rally air."

Long Jack opened his eyes still wider than they had been before at this display of equine criticism, when he suddenly remembered that his friend, the squire, enjoyed the misfortune of being deaf in one ear.

Suddenly, when the black charger had attained a maximum of speed, the fury of the storm expended itself with a dying outburst. Preceded by a flash of lightning, which fell upon the assemblage with blinding brightness, a crash of thunder came, shaking the earth as it were to the very centre. Appalled, perchance conscience stricken, one of the audience arose directly in front of the startled animal, who swerved from his course in evident affright. Then, losing control of her steed for the instant, the fair equestrienne was hurled with violence to the ground of the arena.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

REMOVAL.

The Office of the New York Clipper is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

Old Soldier, Washington, D. C.—We would publish your communication, but as we have refused the space to a number of young and old soldiers who take the other side of the question, we must treat you the same. You must admit that the victory at Antietam was more important to us, in its results, than the Spottsylvania battles, or the "Mine" strategy at Petersburgh. We have as much faith in Gen. Grant as we have in Gen. McClellan; we believe both of them to be good soldiers and loyal men. With the same facilities, re-enforcements, etc., that Grant has had in his operations against Richmond, Gen. McClellan would have made full as much of his campaign in the same time, as Gen. Grant has made of his. We have always condemned McClellan for writing that Woodward letter; that was a sad blunder, and lost him many friends.

Young Sport.—1. Johnny Mackey and Bill Blackwood met to fight for $500 a side on the 22d of May, 1855, but as Blackwood refused to fight in any place but Canada, and the Canadian authorities plainly refused to allow the "transaction" to take place, the result was a draw. Mackey fought and defeated Johnny Roberts on the 23d of June, 1856, in 30r., 47m., for $200 a side, near Boston. He also fought Jack Nelson, a clever sparrer, but "dungy," as the saying goes, on Sept. 7, 1858, 8 rounds, when darkness came on Nelson said he had been bitten and kicked by Mackey's friends, and refused to fight any more—it ended in a draw. 2. Dan Bryant first appeared in a white character at the Winter Garden, July 2, 1863, as Handy Andy, for the benefit of Billy Floyd.

Lawyer, Baltimore, Md.—1. For particulars of Joe Coburn's sets-to with Goss, Ryall, and Rooke, see another column. 2. Joe Goss was born Nov. 26, 1839, at Northampton, Eng.; height, 5ft. 8½; weight, 147lbs.; beat Geo. Ayres, 1h. 20m.; fought Rixon, 3h. 2m., police interfered, and Goss received £7 to draw the stakes; beat Jack Rooke, 1h. 40m., 61r., Sept. 20, 1856; beat Tom Price, 1859; beat Patchell, 17m., 4r., 1860; beat Bodger Crutchley, 3h. 20m., July 17, 1860; beat Ryall, 37r., 170m., Sept. 24, 1861; draw with Ryall, 36r., 198m., Feb. 11, 1862; beat Posh Price, 66r., 108m., Nov. 25, 1862; beaten by Jem Mace, 19r., 2h., 10s., Sept. 1st, 1863.

W. R. W., St. Johns, N. B.—"What is the quickest time Wm. Lang ever made in running one mile against time?"......Wm. Lang ran one mile in 4m. 2secs., at Newmarket, Eng., on the 30th of October, 1863, on a wager against time, the backer of time laying £50 against £25 that Lang couldn't accomplish the distance in 4m. 15s.; the time made on that occasion was as follows: 1st quarter, 55s.; 2d quarter, 59s.; 3d quarter, 62s.; and the entire distance in 4m. 2s.; the ground for the first half mile was level, but towards the close it was down hill.

Fred. Ellis, Goshen.—1. That sum would give you a sufficient amount of printing for one week, and give your first night's show. 2. Tamborine, bones, 1st and 2d violin, double bass, guitar, banjo, cornet, flute, picolo and triangle are sufficient. 3. The best place to practice a band is where board is the cheapest.

J. G.—Admiral Farragut did assist Gen. Grant in the reduction [illegible] there were three boats selected to run past the

P. Casey, Chicago, Ill.—We have had nothing to do with one of the parties named by you since we found him out in a X, and therefore decline to transact business on his account. As you know where both men may be found, why not write yourself?

Novice, New York.—1. Flora Temple's fastest two mile time was 4:50½; A consequently wins the bet. 2. The fastest two mile time of Bonner's team is 5:01¼. 3. The Kalamazoo track is a full mile.

Drake's Ranche, Ann Arbor, Mich.—"Please tell me what will cure the mange?"......Rub it with a mixture of black sulphur 4oz., fish oil half pint, spirits of turpentine ¼ pint. Use thrice a day.

Lallabac, Brunswick.—1. Mr. Chiarini has been in Cuba several years. He and his company, including M'lle. Josephine, are now in Mexico. 2. Frank Pastor is not with the concern; he is in Spain.

W. M. S., Quebec.—1. Mr. Lewis Baker is a very clever actor, and is capable of performing the line of business you mention. 2. Cannot say who is the best negro comedian. 3. Shall be pleased to receive items from you at any time.

Bones.—1. Kate Bateman makes her home in Brooklyn. 2. She will not play in this city again before her departure for Europe. 3. She is not a Jewess. 4. We cannot decide as to who is *the best* end man in the country. 5. Dan Bryant is *one* of the best.

Cribbage, N. Y.—Four sixes and a tray turned up, count in cribbage twenty-four points, viz., twelve for fifteens and twelve for double pair-royal.

Wm. Cross, Portchester, N. Y.—Noonan and Dorsey have already decided on the State in which they are to fight; will show your letter to some of the others, however.

Billy Hart, Kewanee.—As each party was wrong in regard to the whereabouts of the sick man, the bet of course should be drawn.

N. B. M., Southboro, Mass.—1. The safest way would be by express. 2. We cannot undertake to decide which is the best minstrel troupe in this country.

Burnt Cork.—1. Fred, George and Bishop Buckley are brothers. 2. They did perform at the Old Bowery, under the names you mention. 3. They were all born in Bolton, Eng.

Returned Volunteer, Philadelphia.—The Navy Yard is not in this city, but in Brooklyn, opposite New York; Brooklyn is situated to New York as Camden is to Philadelphia.

Charlie, Leavenworth.—Mr. Wm. Rufus Blake at the time of his death was a member of the Barrow Combination at the Boston Theatre. His death occurred April 22d, 1863.

Johnny Loudon, Pittsburgh, Pa.—"If kept standing," for three months, it will cost you $7 in greenbacks, or its equivalent in currency.

Mount Vernon.—Advertise your Washington letter in some of our monthly magazines or literary papers. By putting it in the market in that way you will get the best price.

E. E. E., Worcester.—Post yourself in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, before entering upon a course of book-keeping lessons.

W. H. Y., New York.—"Is Gov. Todd, of Ohio, any relation to Mrs. Lincoln?"......No.

J. B., Spuyten Duyvil.—"A and B are playing Bluff, A holds three aces, and B a flush. Who wins the money?"......B wins.

H. M., Haverhill.—Ethan Allen's best time to pole was 2:19¾, single 2:24¼.

D. Hanchett.—A letter addressed to the care of Dr. J. B. Jones, Buffalo, will reach Mr. Armstrong.

H. F. W., Norfolk.—We have placed your name on our exchange list.

Tan.—1. She would be likely to do so, but it is not a sure thing. 2. See Jennings' advertisement of arsenical soap in another column.

John.—Watch our circus summary and you will see the whereabouts of the company.

Dr. Mercer, Gooderich, C. W.—1. Your subscription commences with this No. and ends with No. 9 of Vol. 13.

Sport, Waterford.—The four-oared boat Cygnet, of Halifax, made five miles in 31m. 30sec.

Mentor, New York.—"In throwing the game of raffles with dice, will three deuces beat sixteen?"......Yes.

J. M. F., Halifax.—Your subscription pays for ten months, including postage.

Chas. J. Ford, Fort Wayne.—We know no one that teaches elocution in your city or prepares persons for the stage.

J. J. Beacher, Ontonigon.—Your subscription expires with No. 34 of the present vol. For six months more, $2.50.

Thomas Price, Albany.—We do not know of such a place in this city.

Clarence, St. Johns, N. B.—We have a score of such things on hand already, which we cannot make room for.

V. G., Governor's Island.—We have nothing to sell except our own paper.

F. H. Williams, Brooklyn.—Mr. C. B. Reynolds and Lwereols in St. Louis last week.

Friend, Washington, D. C.—The lady is married, but continues to perform under her professional name.

G. J., Louisville, Ky.—Flora Temple, the well-known trotting mare, is not dead.

P. H. B., Kittanning, Pa.—We cannot accede to your request, simply because we never received said letter.

Thos. L., Toronto, C. W.—For six dollars in greenbacks we will forward you the Clipper for one year.

J. A. Burton & Co.—For your advertisement, as it stands in this issue, $31 for three months.

Davis, New Orleans.—Items always acceptable.

Jimmy Robinson, Circus.—Did you receive the bundle we sent you to Corning, N. Y?

Alfred, Before Petersburg.—He makes five dollars by the operation.

Buck Eye, Wooster, Ohio.—Letter received. Will forward to the party you mention.

H. A. Ward, Providence.—Have sent you the missing numbers by mail.

Jack Percy.—The sketch will appear in our next.

Eugene, London.—Package received, all safe.

W. S. McG., St. Johns, N. B.—See answer to W. R. W.

H. F. Phillips, Hampton.—Your money never came to hand.

A. F. S.—Fanny Fern is a lady.

Van, New York.—See answer to G. G.

Philo.—See our advertising terms in another column.

C. V., Shirley Village, Mass.—Our terms are invariably in advance.

J. H. B., Rochester.—Have sent you the missing number.

THE RECENT BOAT RACES.

Two races between four-oared boats and their crews took place on the Hudson, at Poughkeepsie, last week. A detailed report of the two events will be found in its proper place elsewhere in this issue of the Clipper. The contestants in these aquatic sporting displays were the crew of the Twilight, of Pittsburgh, against the Geo. J. Brown, of New York, and the Stranger, of Poughkeepsie. To say that the result was a disappointment to our Pittsburgh friends is to put it in the mildest form possible. The success which has all along (with but a single exception) attended the efforts of Hamill (in single scull matches and in regattas) with his "sharp, short and decisive" stroke, has induced his friends to look upon him as almost invincible; and as the Twilight crew—composed of hard-working, robust, muscular men—pull the same quick stroke as Hamill pulls, they seem to have looked upon it as a foregone conclusion that the long stroke of our Hudson river four-oared crews would have no more chance with the quick dash of the "Pittsburgh four" than Josh Ward's long sweep had with Hamill's lightning stroke. They had every confidence in their crew, and backed up their opinion wherever and whenever a wager could be had. There was a large delegation of them here, and they all had the greatest confidence in the success of their "four;" they came fully prepared to outbet the New Yorkers, and when even bets could not be had, they very liberally offered odds. The first race took place on the morning of the 17th, and a more one-sided affair is not often witnessed. The Brown took the lead at once, was never approached during the race, and won by nearly three hundred yards. Whatever the quick stroke may be capable of accomplishing in a single scull shell, it failed to compare favorably with the long pull of the New Yorkers in the four-oared boat. There is one thing to be said in favor of the Pittsburgh men, and that is, that their boat contributed much toward their defeat, being a heavier built boat than the Brown, and in other respects a far inferior boat for racing purposes. Notwithstanding their easy defeat of the first day, they met a fresh crew—and some believe a better crew than that of the Brown—on the following day, did all in their power to win, but were again, as was generally anticipated after the race with the Brown, obliged to cry hold, enough! The delegation from the Smoky City fell heavily, having wagered, in the aggregate, an immense sum on the success of the Twilight, but they met their losses like gentlemen, liquidated every dollar of their indebtedness, and returned home wiser, if not richer men. The races were fairly conducted, fairly contested, and fairly won. See report elsewhere.

COBURN IN ENGLAND.

In last week's Clipper it was announced that Joe Coburn was about giving a series of sparring exhibitions in Liverpool, at which he would set-to with some of the best boxers in that country, among them, Goss, Ryall, Rooke, etc. By the last mail from Europe we have received an account of those exhibitions, written by our own correspondent, an American gentleman, who has been residing in England for the past four or five years. He attended the various exhibitions, and took note of the proceedings. [illegible] best of all with whom he set-to; our correspondent is so enthusiastic over the matter, and speaks of Joe in such exalted terms, that we feared he might be a little partial to our representative, and colored his report accordingly. He informs us that it was the intention of the British pugs to get the upper hand of Joe if they could, and that they had made their preparations to that effect; but it appears that Joe not only outfought them with the gloves, "but overthrew them" in the tussle for the fall which generally closed each round. Coburn's science seems to have bothered his opponents considerably, each one of whom has had to succumb to the Irish-American's handiwork. We have said that we feared our Liverpool correspondent, being a New Yorker, might have put a more favorable coloring to the picture than the facts of the case would warrant; but we are glad to find ourselves disappointed, for *Bell's Life in London*, which seldom takes notice of sparring exhibitions, corroborates what our own correspondent says, as our readers may see by the following extract from that paper:

Joe Coburn and Jem Mace.—These men completed a further stake of £50 a side, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 2, at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican. The house for the next deposit is not yet determined on. Joe Coburn has been received with much applause by the Liverpool sporting world at the American Opera House, where he has *displayed his abilities with the gloves in a most satisfactory manner.* With Joe Goss and Bill Ryall he has proved himself swift and steady, and to some people's notions *has had all the best of it.* With Jack Rooke, too, he has surprised even his own admirers; Rooke's constant practice with the gloves, however, stood him in good stead, and he was able for a long time to stall off the determined attacks of the American hero, *but the bouts generally ended in Rooke being driven behind the scenes.* Coburn has also exhibited with Sam Hurst (the Staleybridge Infant), but of course the latter, however powerful, cannot in any way be regarded as a trial horse, as between the respective merits of Coburn and Mace. Each night of Joe's appearance the house has been crowded, and we are bound to say, so far as can be judged by his performances, *there is every reason to believe his backers were justified in bringing him forward.* He and the quartette with whom he sparred were to take a joint benefit last night at Liverpool. Mace still remains in private, taking plenty of exercise.

This is high praise for Sir Joseph, coming from such a source, for *Bell's Life* would not place such an estimate upon our representative unless his superiority had been made unmistakably apparent by the approval of the spectators, and this he seems to have had beyond question. The effect of all this will be to advance Coburn in public favor, lessen the odds on his opponent, Mace, and invest the match with far more importance than has heretofore been attached to it.

Coburn was to have gone into training in the early part of this month, so that by this time he is in old Ireland, "taking his breathings," as the sporting reporters say, under the skilful instructions of Cusick and Dunn.

Testimonial to Abner S. Brady.—The following testimonial, handsomely engrossed on parchment, has been forwarded to Mr. Abner S. Brady, at Washington, by the members of Co. F 7th N. G., accompanied by a magnificent medal in the shape of a Maltese cross of solid gold. The face is enamelled blue and red, and bears the figures "7th N. G.;" and on the reverse side, "Presented to 1st Sergt. Abner S. Brady, by the members of Co. 6 7th Regt. N. Y. National Guard. Joined Jan. 2, 1854, resigned and elected an honorary member Oct. 6, 1863."

6th Co. 7th Regt. N. Y. National Guard.

Abner S. Brady, Esq.—*Dear Sir*—A number of your personal friends of Co. F 7th Regt. N. Y. National Guard, desiring to express their appreciation of your military deportment and education while a member of said company, do respectfully request your acceptance of the accompanying token of their esteem for you as a gentleman and a soldier.

With the highest regards for your welfare, and a hope that you may ever bear in mind your *Alma Mater*, we subscribe ourselves, very respectfully,

C. B. Coffin,	Gouvr. Kemble, Jr.,	Wm. W. Kip,
J. B. Allis, Jr.,	John L. Suydam,	F. Irwin,
Jas. E. Hayes,	John P. Rowe,	Chas. Walke,
Edmd. Hendricks,	G. G. Brinkerhoff,	E. A. Brooks,
Ira L. Beebe,	H. D. Mine,	R. H. Stillwell,
J. H. Hobart Haws,	J. C. Hamersley,	and 40 others.

Game.—The season for game shooting in this and other States will soon be here, and already we hear of those who are fond of this kind of sport making preparations to start out with dog and gun. Reports reach us from all quarters that game will be abundant this season.

"THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA."

New and Original Story.

In this issue of the Clipper we commence the publication of an original and local romance, written expressly for our columns, by one of the most popular authors of the day, entitled: "The Pride of the Arena." It is the narrative of the experience of a fair equestrienne and her attendant squire, the ring jester, and in the delineation of the characters of Celestine, the "Pride of the Arena," and of "Joe Jollie, the Jolly Joker," there is exhibited a brilliancy of description and a knowledge of the human passions rarely to be found in an American writer, together with a delicacy of portraiture which harmoniously blends the grave with the gay. There is moreover a classic geniality in the other photographs of living figures, interspersed throughout the story, alternating in depth of descriptive color in accordance with their shades of social life, which stamps this romance with the impress of more than ordinary genius. But the daring originality of the author in discarding the beaten track of romancers, and selecting his chief characters from a sphere of life little understood and heretofore untouched upon, bestows upon our new story a novelty and freshness which it were vain to seek after in the pages of contemporaneous literature.

The Theatres.—From all parts of the country we have accounts of preparations being made for the early resumption of theatrical operations. New theatres have been erected, old ones rejuvenated, and all places of amusement more or less improved. A glance at our theatrical record and our amusement advertising department will give the reader an idea of what is going on in the show world. Several theatres, minstrel and music halls have already commenced business for the fall and winter campaign, a number of travelling dramatic, variety, and minstrel troupes are on the wing, and in two or three weeks more the season will be fully opened by the profession at large. The Clipper, as usual, will see the players well-bestowed, and place on the record for present and future reference, the movements of actors, actresses, minstrels, dancers, equestrians, acrobats, gymnasts, and everybody in any wise connected with the show business.

The Connecticut Billiard Tournament, fully reported in another column, has proved a success in every sense of the term, and will serve as an incentive to other States to go and do likewise. Indeed, Pennsylvania has already followed the example, and is now preparing for a tournament of a like character. Canada West is also adopting the same wise plan. Massachusetts and Ohio should be the next, as within their precincts are many amateurs possessing more than ordinary skill with the cue. By all means let the State billiard tournaments be kept up, as they will have a tendency to popularise the game more than any other means that can be adopted. The Clipper will at all times take pleasure in seconding the efforts of those who may resolve upon taking the initiative.

The Billiard Championship of America is beginning to be one of the absorbing topics of conversation in sporting circles. Who will be the next incumbent of the champion's chair is a knotty question, and is discussed fluently, greenbacks being a very forcible part of the argument. Kavanagh is, as might be supposed, the favorite, although Tieman does not lack friends who think, from his play when they last met, that this time he will capture his man; "but," say Kavanagh's backers "we shall see."

TRAINING AND ITS PHILOSOPHY.

It is of paramount importance that we should bear in mind what are the whole results of training. That in one special direction great vigor is achieved is true; and we, admiring this result, are too apt to generalise from it, and infer that in all directions the success has been equal. But it is not so. [illegible] The muscular system has been forced into undue development [illegible] vitality. All forcing is injurious, except for the special object which is sought. The fighter has his muscular system in splendid condition; but his other systems are robbed to enrich that one; just as the nervous system of the student is in a state of intense activity at the expense of his muscles or glands. Nay—and the fact is worth emphasis—the powerful athlete is less able than the feeble student to stand the wear and tear of life. It was noted in Rome that the athletes were short lived, liable, as Sinclair admits, "to rupture of blood vessels, to apoplexy, and lethargic complaints," and it has since been observed that not only do prizefighters rapidly become aged and very rarely live long, but even the famous oarsmen of the universities show a surprising mortality. It has been urged that the athletes and fighters are carried off by dissipation. Without claiming for such men any peculiar moderation, we must still claim for them that they are not more dissolute than their companions, who ought to succumb more easily to excesses, if the popular notions about strength were accurate. But the truth is, that the strength of a prize fighter is, to a great extent, as abnormal condition, produced at the expense of the general system. The amount of vital energy which should be distributed among several organs has been so unequally apportioned, that some are starved while others are over-fed. It was known of old that for certain functions the athletes were almost totally incapacitated. That they have always been unfit for intellectual and moral activities is equally notorious. A man may have inherited a powerful brain with a powerful muscular system. The union is rare, but there is no physiological reason against it. There is, however, no possibility of even this man's preserving his intellectual vigor during a course of over-stimulation of his muscles, an excess in one direction being compensated by deficiency in the other. For perfect health both should be kept active, neither stimulated to excess. In the case of training, where, as we said, the object is to work up the muscular system to its highest pitch, the man may be magnificent to look upon and formidable to contend against, but he has been unfitted for the work of life, and is doomed to wither early. The training system is a forcing system: were it continued long it would kill; even for a brief space it is injurious. It is an exceptional process for an exceptional result, not the normal process for a healthy organism.

The above paragraph we clip from the *Cornhill Magazine*, an English publication; but we do not entirely concur in what it advances. A careful perusal shows that it discusses not simply training, but *excess* in training, which no sane man, no matter how fond he may be of athletic exercises, would advocate. Its statement that the training system is a forcing system is not true. There are some cases where it would apply, no doubt, but those exceptions should be charged to the incompetent trainer and not to training. The statistics quoted by the *Cornhill Magazine* in support of its argument are, no doubt, correct; but they are charged to the wrong cause. It is not to training, or the perfection of condition brought about by it, that mortality is to be credited; but rather to excesses, and laxness that our athletes fall into after the effort is over for which they have been training. For instance, a pugilist, if you please, avoids excess of all kinds while training, and lives like a hermit one or two months previous to his entering the P. R. The event once over, and he is either a victor or is vanquished. In the former case, he is elated, and the chances are that he "goes on a time" with jovial friends, and women and wine are the order of the day. In the latter case, from a feeling of chagrin, he proceeds to pour spirits down to get his spirits up. Now, we contend that it is this sudden transition from correct and abstemious living to a loose and irregular one, that does the mischief; and a course that, too often persisted in, produces what is technically termed "staleness," and perhaps death. If a man did not so relapse into "riotous living," but continued to attend to proper diet and exercise, we firmly believe that, barring accident or contagion, he might reckon safely on living out his allotted three score years and ten, and more too. In support of what we have advanced, we point to the fact that those athletes—no matter in what branch of sports engaged—who have taken care of themselves have lived to a good old age, while those who have not, have gone to an early grave. In the former category we may mention a few whose names are most familiar on both sides of the Atlantic as examples: Barclay, Crawley, Jem Ward, Lillywhite, Clarke, and Wm. Fuller. These might be added to *ad infinitum*, by a glance through our sporting archives, for which we have not time at this writing. At all events, we think we have established the fact that the training system is not necessarily a forcing one, and that early death does not ensue therefrom, but from irregular living between each period of physical preparation.

New Books for Summer Reading.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have kept our people well supplied with excellent works during the season, and at all the fashionable resorts and rural retreats their books may be found in the hands of the visitors. Their latest productions are "The Pride of Life," by Jane, Lady Scott, and "Flirtations in Fashionable Life," by Catherine Sinclair. Of the former, the British reviews speak in the most favorable terms, remarking that it is fresh, natural, lively and vigorous. It is a book of nearly 400 pages, and retails for $1.50. The other is equally interesting of a different character, however, but bold and refreshing; in its general tone. The price is the same as the first named book, viz: $1.50, and in these times of high prices is certainly cheap for the money.

OPEN AIR ATHLETIC FESTIVAL At The Cremorne.

CLOG AND JIG DANCING, SINGING, CLUB SWINGING, SPARRING AND WRESTLING.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN UZILE PRICKETT, OF NEW JERSEY, AND HARRY HILL, OF NEW YORK.

The novelty of a series of athletic displays in the open air, though very old in the different cities, towns, and villages of Europe, is entirely new on this side of the ocean, and the simple announcement that such an affair was to come off under the blue sky in New York city, met with much commendation. We can't see why the leading city of America should be behind its rival English city, for we have all the "muscular ingredients" which go to make these affairs attractive, such as wrestlers, pedestrians, boxers, jumpers, pole leapers, gymnasts, etc., and if some suitable place could only be found, with raised seats similarly constructed to a circus, we see no reason why there might not be something of the kind gotten up every month or so. The first affair of the kind, which took place at Cremorne Garden, on the corner of 72d street and 3d avenue, was a most decided success in every respect, notwithstanding the stormy state of the weather.

The origin of this festival was a wrestling match between Uzile Prickett and Harry Hill. It appears that the first-named—who has been for some time a resident of Philadelphia—was sent for to give Harry Hill a tussle in the wrestling arena, and when the rivals first met, Harry, not knowing much about the kind of man he had to deal with, wanted to wrestle him there and then for a certain amount of money, but this was objected to by Uzile's friends, who were anxious to have the match for $500 a side and to make it a public contest for the Championship of America. As we understand it, a Philadelphia man, whom Hill knew little or nothing about, put up $300 out of the $500 for him, for the purpose of getting the match on, leaving only $200 for Hill to find, outside of the $100 he agreed to give Prickett for allowing the contest to come off in this city. Deposits of $100 a side were put up, alternately, at Jake Roome's (where Prickett was stopping), and Hill's, but they attracted no unusual attention. Soon after the making of the match, Hill met with an accident while engaged in a turn-up with Tom Byrnes, the Britisher, who had the room fight with Dooney Harris, and severely injured his knee cap, and it was supposed by many that if he couldn't get the match postponed, it would end in a forfeit on his part; but it was neither way, and everything went off according to the programme.

In the morning it rained like the mischief, which had a dampening effect on some, and kept many away, but towards noon Old Sol showed his shining face, and things looked brighter. Up to half-past three the Third avenue cars did a right lively business, each successive car bringing its living freight of musclemen and betting sports, and when they were all together we doubt if a greater collection of the pugilistic element of this city was ever assembled on a Dutchman's grounds before. While sitting out on the Park Cottage verandah for two or three minutes, talking to that "young gal dressed in blue," we spied getting off the cars and pointing for the Cottage bar, Johnny Lyng, the famous second of Sullivan against Hyer, formerly of Broadway and Canal, but now keeping a first class bar and restaurant adjoining the Academy of Music; Captain Lewy Beiral ("Spanish Lew"), who, in company with Johnny Austin, stood referee in the Heenan and Morrissey fight, and takes a hand in all kinds of sporting matters; Theo. Allen, the diplomat, who a short time since had an interview with "Howard, of the Times;" Geo. Tallman, owner of the celebrated fighting dog, "Jake Roome," and a Native of the Quaker City; Bill Clacker, the cock-fighter and mentor of John Thomas, the champion hundred yards pedestrian; Michael Geary, billiard cuetist; Frank Edwards and Ance Woods, well known in the show business; Con Foley, the sporting policeman, with his Wellington bugle; Dave Roach, Chief Young's most skillful "shadow;" Jake Roome, Mike Smith, Rockey Moore, Ed Malone, Holcomb, Murray, Smithy, Maguire, Old Bill Tovee, and at least two hundred more whose faces are as familiar to us as the sign of the Three Balls. They were all bound for the same spot, and on the grounds, dotted here and there, were all the police from the upper districts who could be spared, assembled there in anticipation of a free fight. The chap who lives in the house above made a laughing stock of himself by walking around his premises with the butt end of a six shooter sticking out of his vest pocket, but after the show was over he took good care not to show his ugly mug at all.

Towards four o'clock the spectators got themselves into the most favorable positions to obtain a good view of the proceedings, which took place on a raised platform about twenty foot square, "up against the wall," as Jem Colbert has it. Among the audience were a dozen or so of the "fair sex," whose faces we had seen before, but whether in concert saloons or in the Egyptian Palace makes little difference—enough to know they were "all there."

Mr. John Cooper, of the Burton Dramatic Association, and by residence a Yorkvillian, inaugurated the sports by introducing Master Goodwin, late of Campbell's Minstrels, who, accompanied by a violin (played up to the handle) and harp, danced a clog hornpipe in costume very creditably. Johnny Barry succeeded the clogs in a jig, which on this particular occasion was equal to the best dancers in that line we ever saw—he may not have given such a variety of steps, but in style, carriage, bearing and modesty, he carried himself admirably. Master Richard Hill corked up, and with a nigger wig, gave a character song and dance, afterwards a walk-around, in a style not one bit inferior to three-fourths of the so-called black stars. We wonder he don't appear on the legitimate boards, for he knocks some of these juvenile prodigies higher than a kite. The club swinging of Joe Foote, "Long Joe," consisted of putting a pair of 12's, 20's and 30lb. clubs through the usual circumlocutory motions, and otherwise, which were good, particularly the otherwise part of it. Bob Corcoran and Mike Costello, and Mike Coburn and Grady had a couple of very exciting boxing matches.

The wrestling was opened by Messrs. Frawley and Lawler, two to wrestle [illegible] who the M. C. stated would now proceed back-falls. Lawler, who hails from County Kildare, although to appearance looks as slim as one of Old Abe's split rails, has an eye in his head as sharp as an eagle's, and a will of his own which will not submit to defeat. Frawley's build and looks are more of the Morrissey stamp, and he was much heavier than Lawler. After borrowing somebody else's coats to tear, they took hold, and, in a very short time, Frawley got such a grip on Lawler with his right hand that he hauled his coat nearly over his ears, leaving but little tail to tread upon, and in this way they tugged at each other until Lawler made play with his right foot, but Frawley wasn't to be caught, and, after some more lively skirmishing, Frawley, who was much the stronger of the two, forced the County Kildare man downward, and, after pulling him around by main strength, with a skillful manœuvre, turned and landed him square on his back. Lawler refused to let go of Frawley after he was thrown, and, while rising, he succeeded in pulling the big fellow down. This he claimed as a fair fall, which Frawley wouldn't give in to, so the referee (Harry Hill), very properly refused to grant it, and, owing to his obstinacy, the landlord of the Park Cottage declared all bets off, and awarded to Frawley a cup. Frawley then publicly challenged his opponent to wrestle him for $500 in two month's time. This affair created no little excitement, but their "enthusiasm" was dampened by a heavy rain-storm coming on, and scattering the crowd like sheep to every available spot where shelter could be secured, and many's ye patron of wrestling who got a ducking, including the "lady" portion of the crowd, whose underpinning formed a subject for no little controversy.

After the rain had subsided there was another rush for places, and preparations were made for the event of the afternoon. First the stage was carefully swept and sanded, to prevent the men from slipping.

Harry Hill and Uzile Prickett next appeared, and commenced to denude themselves of all unnecessary toggery, Harry handing his "duds" to a friend, while Uzle hung "his'n" on the outer wall, until they stood forth in nothing but virgin white pants and under shirts. Hill wore round his waist one of Heenan's colors (an unlucky omen, said some), while Prickett had on a green fogle dotted with white, which color he always wrestles under. As they walked around the stage, the difference in the men was very marked. Prickett, who was about three inches taller, twenty pounds heavier, and from ten to fifteen years younger, looked the model of an athlete, and marched up and down with the air of a man who meant it, and was not to be trifled with. In features he very much resembles McCoole. He is said also to be the "dead image" of Abraham Cann, the famous English wrestler. Hill wore a discouraging, dejected, nervous look, and was as thin as a greyhound, owing to his having met with an accident to his leg a week or so before, which had hardly got well, and had caused him considerable anxiety of mind; he was at least ten pounds too light to have been well and strong. Harry was born in 1819, at Epsom, Eng., where the Derby is run, and came to New York in 1851. The judges chosen were for Prickett, Pete Martin, an experienced wrestler himself, who had previously tried and threw Uzile, for Hill, Mike Trainor, of auburn hair notoriety. When it came to selecting the referee, Martin asked for Johnny Lyng, but as no response came, when Ned James' name was mentioned, it suited all hands, and a shout was sent up for our fighting editor to "show up;" but he purposely avoided the office, and being a little fellow, managed to hide himself behind a fat policeman. In this state of affairs, Izzy Lazarus was proposed, to whom no objection could be raised; so Sir John Falstaff, with watch in hand, planted the seat of his pants on a chair, to fulfill the duties of his office.

Sam Davis, the Bowler, then proceeded to read over the Articles, or a part of them only, as the crowd were anxious to see the men get to work, and got impatient. Just before going to take hold, Theo. Allen made Hill an offer to bet $1000 against $400, which rather disconcerted him, but after putting on his thinking cap for a second or two, he replied that he had bet all the money he cared to lay out. For some reason or other there was very little betting, and what there was ruled at two to one on Prickett, whose size and youthful appearance were sure signs to go by, provided all things were fair and square. The conditions of the match were that they had to wrestle side holts, best two in three, fair back falls, Hill to have the choice of two holds, upper and lower; we presume this previlege was given because collar and elbow, not side holt, is Harry's favorite method of wrestling. After they had shaken hands very cordially, the gentle Izzy, who was also the referee when Hill threw Ainsworth, told them to get ready, and then in true pugilistic style, called out "Time!" They at once got holt, Hill placing his right hand on Prickett's shoulder, while with his left he grasped him by the belt—Prickett took a similar grasp of Hill, with the exception of reversing his hands; but very little bye-play occurred, for no sooner than Harry thought he was just going to put on the crook, Uzile Prickett pricked up his ears, concentrated his energies, and by his superior strength and science, landed the club swinger neatly on his back, amid the most vociferous cheering of the Jerseyman's partizans. An intermission of ten minutes was allowed, which the Epsom Downs' stable boy needed badly, as he had "bellows to mend," and looked none the better for the embrace received at the hands of Uzile. The intermission up, Falstaff again timed them, and while Harry seemed in no hurry to get to work, Uzile looked as strong as a lion. It was the Jerseyman's turn for the under hold, and he took it accordingly; some little manœuvring occurred, and by some peculiar position they got into, the first thing we knew they both laid flat on their abdomens, but Uzile being the first to jump up, those outside who could see little or nothing of the match, sent up a yell, claiming the fall for the Hibernian bearing such a peculiar patronymic. Judge of their surprise when he himself was the very first to make known the fact that it was no fall—this was a sort of damper on the red hot faction. Order being restored, at it they went again, and in less than a twinkling of an eye, Prickett, in the most extraordinary manner, took Hill up, as he would a child, and after making him describe a complete circle in the air, landed him on the broad of his back, kerflunk, the sound on his landing being heard all over the grounds, and fell across his stomach, but not as heavy as he might have done, although when Harry was lifted from the ground, his face was purple and the breath nearly knocked out of his body. It was one of the handsomest and at the same time, most terrible falls ever given by any wrestler in this country, and will long be remembered by those who witnessed it, particularly by Hill himself. The victory won by Prickett, his friends almost pulled him apart in the exuberance of their enthusiasm, and while the spectators were thus excited, a juvenile delinquent nailed Frawley's prize, and was making away with it, when a policeman laid his clutches on him, and took him into camp; but as the owner thereof, in consideration of the boy's mother being a widow, refused to prosecute, the young scapegrace was discharged.

UZILE'S CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

Prickett, after the match was over, authorized Theo. Allen to make a match for him to wrestle any man in the world, any holds, for from $1 to $5000 a side, and that popular young sport will get one on if the thing is possible. Thus ended the wrestling match for the championship.

JOE COBURN IN LIVERPOOL.

EXCITING GLOVE FIGHTS WITH GOSS, RYALL, AND JACK ROOKE.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION AND THE FLOWER OF THE BRITISH P. R.—COBURN'S SET-TO WITH JOE GOSS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—HOW JOE POLISHED OFF BILL RYALL AND JACK ROOKE—JOY OF GOSS' THEREAT—JIM DUNN VS. JOE GOSS—HEENAN STILL DOWN WITH SICKNESS—STATE OF THE BETTING ON THE FORTHCOMING FIGHT.

Special Correspondence to the New York Clipper.

Liverpool, Aug. 2.

Friend Queen: There was quite an excitement all over town last night, caused by the first appearance of Joe Coburn, the American Champion, at Myer's American Concert Room, and the house was crowded in every part. The singing, dancing, and other attractions didn't prove so very attractive after all, as the people were impatient to witness the sparring and see the Irish-American hero put up his hands. The town had been liberally billed for a week or more previous, so as to give the people plenty of time to talk about it, and when the eventful night came, the excitement was at fever heat. With commendable foresight Joe and his companions, Dunn and Cusick, avoided making themselves conspicuous in the town, spending most of the time "on the quiet" at the admirable hostelrie kept by Jem Stent, at No. 7 Roe street, formerly kept by Phil Sampson, which is the great resort for Americans in Liverpool, where those who called were unable to distinguish either Joe, or the others, from the fact that the New York Hotel has from twenty Americans upwards always stopping there.

In the evening, at the Concert Hall, Jem Myers introduced Coburn to the audience, and then proceeded to exhibit the Champion Belt presented to him shortly before leaving New York, a description of which would be superfluous to the readers of the Clipper, and also the Belt and sash worked by the ladies of California and by them sent on to New York, which though not so costly as Mace's belts, are more chaste and equally as handsome.

The first set-to, on the 1st of August, with Joe Goss, who fought Mace and Ryall, was not quite equal to public expectation, although the first and second rounds were somewhat exciting, and loudly applauded. In the third and last round neither party struck a blow, it was all fiddling and feinting, with a clinch at the finish.

Coburn is looking very well considering that he has not done any training yet. I think he should have had a little training before he undertook to spar with four such men, and those the flower of the prize ring, for I understand from good authority that each one had made up his mind to best him, but No. 1 had to take a back seat, and I guess the others will have to follow suit.

Joe Goss looked in fine condition, and I never saw him spar better. He tried his best I'm sure, but Coburn got the best of it in the first and second rounds. Goss is young, a very fair sparrer, but a better fighter. After their performance they both looked very warm.

Jim Cusick left here this morning for London, to be at Harry Brunton's to witness the next deposit, which is to take place to-night. He sent the money in a registered letter and telegraphed twice to *Bell's Life*, but receiving no answer, was obliged to go himself. Jim Dunn will keep an eye on Coburn while Cusick is away.

Jem Mace has a benefit this week in London. I saw his agent, Harry Montague, at Myers' last night. Mace will be here some night this week.

John C. Heenan still keeps very bad: he expects to get something from the railroad company, but I think he'll have trouble in getting it. It is rumored that he got £300. Coburn commences training in about two weeks. The betting is six to four on Mace. Yours truly, Wide Awake.

THE SECOND NIGHT'S SPARRING.

Liverpool, Aug. 3.

Friend Queen—Myers' Concert Room was again crowded last night, and I should say that there were at least 2000 persons present, every one of whom went away much better pleased than on the first night, for a better set-to than that between Joe Coburn and Bill Ryall has not been witnessed in this country for a long time. It was thought through the day that Ryall was going to show Coburn up, but lo! and behold, as you will plainly see, poor Ryall came in for it!

THE SPARRING.

Round 1. When the men had been introduced to the audience, they both commenced to spar at some distance from each other, waiting for each other to lead, Joe stepping in and out as light as a fairy, keeping his left working to and fro, straight and oblique, while his right was held well up, and formed a safeguard both for his ribs and his head. Ryall, who stands a good inch over Coburn, notwithstanding his stooping gait, and is younger than Joe, stealthily crept towards the man of Armagh, and thinking he saw a good chance, slung out his left vigorously at Joe's nasal protuberance, but our man was there, and not only stopped the intended compliment as clean as a whistle, but managed to plant his left on the Big 'Un's chest, which brought them to a close, but no damage was done on either side. When they again approached each other, Ryall, the first to lead off, got in a little one on Coburn's forehead, in retaliation for which Ryall, who has a bad fashion of holding his head down, napped a spanking upper cut, and this naturally bringing them to close quarters, the round was declared ended amid great enthusiasm, Coburn having had all the best of it.

2. In the language of the prize-ring oracles, "both men came up smiling," but there was mischief in both their ogles. Ryall having become warmed up, tried to force the sparring, and after fiddling about and feinting all over the ring, as if by a given signal, they let out at each other, giving and receiving quite liberally, Coburn using both hands, while Ryall seemed to have but little use for his right. Cunning as a fox, Joe got in a couple of good upper cuts that sent Ryall whizzing around like a top. This brought on a clinch, and now ensued a most desperate struggle for the throw, *Coburn succeeding in throwing him heavily.* (Immense cheering for Coburn, and great excitement all round.)

3. This was announced as the last round, but there was not much sparring, as Coburn had it all his own way, and terminated the round by *knocking Ryall as flat as a flounder.* (More cheering for Joe). This knock-down so riled Ryall, that he jumped and begged for another round in the hope of getting satisfaction.

4 and last. When they faced the music, Coburn walked into his affections by giving him three or four hot 'uns in succession, and without a return, when they clinched, and *Coburn threw Ryall very heavily.* (Uproarious cheers from the Liverpudlians, joined by Joe Goss, who was so excited over the result of this set-to that he tossed his hat up in the air, and rolled all over the floor).

This event over, (which will no doubt affect the betting considerably), at the request of several friends, Joe Goss and Jim Dunn had a friendly set-to, but it didn't amount to much, as they had been "smiling" a number of times. It was decided a draw, and they are to settle it on the square to-night, and I will post you as to how they make out. Yours, etc., Wide Awake.

THIRD NIGHT'S BOXING.

Liverpool, Aug. 5.

Friend Queen: The Coburn excitement is at fever heat, and scarcely anything else has been talked about for the last fortnight. The way Joe handled Goss and Ryall, particularly the latter, has set the Mace men to scratching their heads, and they are so bothered that they hardly know what to say or think. Coburn is gaining fresh laurels every successive night.

On Wednesday, Aug. 3, the bills announced that Coburn would set to with Jack Rooke, of Birmingham, and this drew another immense house. Rooke is a great favorite here, and as he has been training the past three weeks for an off-hand match, the audience expected something grand, and they got even more than their great anticipations led them to expect, in the shape of a regular glove fight, and a better one between two big men could not be witnessed, nor has been for a number of years.

The glove fight originated, after they had been sparring at long range, by each man trying to throw the other, *which ended in Joe's favor the very first round.* They fought five rounds instead of three, and after a desperate struggle, *Coburn threw Rooke heavily twice, and fought him off the stage three times.* There were several hot and heavy blows struck behind the wings, which the audience did not see, and this put the whole house into a state of the wildest excitement. In the last round the countering and upper cuts were of the most savage description, but as before, Coburn had all the best of it, and ended the round by throwing Rooke a burster. This glove fight pleased the audience much better than the sparring on the two nights previous.

Before this set-to, Jim Dunn and Joe Goss had a boxing match for a half dozen bottles of champagne. They exhibited a good deal of science, but it ended with "nobody hurt." Dunn has become quite a favorite here, but he is anxious to return home. He says if he was back to New York he is sure he could get on a match with Con Fitzgerald. I think he will leave for home in a few days.

Cusick has not been heard from since he left for London, but Coburn thinks he is waiting to bring on the colors. Jim Myers is doing an immense business; he keeps the boxers back till the last thing—half past eleven, and the way the liquor goes is a caution to teetotallers, of which class, by the way, there are not a great many in Liverpool.

Coburn takes his benefit to-night, when he is to set-to with Joe Goss and Jim Clark, of Liverpool. Clark is the same man who licked Harry Gribbin. After his benefit, Joe leaves for Ireland, on Monday, Aug. 8, to commence training.

Jem Mace has his posters out here announcing his benefit, which is to take place on the 16th. Yours, etc., Wide Awake.

POSTCRIPT.

THIRD NIGHT'S SPARRING—COBURN'S BENEFIT—JOE, CUSICK AND MACKEY OFF FOR IRELAND—JIM DUNN ON HIS WAY TO FIGHT FITZGERALD.

Liverpool, Aug. 8.

Friend Frank:—Coburn's benefit here on Friday evening was a grand affair, with no diminution of numbers, although the announcement that he would spar with Jim Clark didn't amount to much, except that Clark is an old resident of Liverpool, and as such, has a host of friends. The sets-to between Coburn and Goss and Coburn and Clark didn't amount to much, as Goss had been imbibing pretty freely, and Coburn had it all his own way.

Joe made his last appearance at the concert hall on Saturday, Aug. 6, his opponent being Jim Clarke, who was out of practice with the gloves. The set-to was very amusing.

Jim Dunn left here on the 8th inst., for New York—he said he was going home to get a fight out of Fitzgerald.

Coburn's colors will not be ready till the 26th of this month. He will send you one at the earliest moment.

Jim Cusick, Johnny Mackey and Coburn left here at 2 P. M., this day, for Ireland, to commence training.

Heenan is improving—he will be present at the forthcoming fight. Yours, Wide Awake.

Another Walking Match against Time.—John Turner commences to walk 200 miles in 200 hours, at Fletcher's East Brooklyn Shades, on Friday the 26th inst., at 12 M., and will bring his onerous task to a conclusion on September 3d.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!—No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs..........$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 "..........6 " "
Dumb Bells, from..........$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. 14-tf

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money.

HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, BUGS, and all kinds of Vermin.
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston,
Sole Proprietor and Patentee.
5

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.—THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 3-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!—OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 14-3m

THE "STAR OF THE WEST,"
202 CENTRE STREET.
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON. [3-tf] HUGH RILEY.

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY..........Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 6-3m*

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
136 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR & M. STANTON, Proprietors.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
17-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS..........Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

STENT'S NEW YORK HOTEL,
NO. 7 ROE STREET, LIVERPOOL,
Facing the entrance of St. John's Market.
The Proprietor respectfully informs his American friends that he has removed from the Talbot Hotel to the above named premises, where they will always find him on deck to give the tip on all Sporting Events, past, present and future. The New York CLIPPER, with all the American and English Sporting papers kept always on file. 8-3m* JAMES STENT.

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
BY ED. LOWERY.
Ed. will be happy to see his friends at his new Hotel, where the choicest Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars are kept constantly on hand; with a fine Concert every Wednesday Evening. How's your nose? 16-8t*

"Old House at Home,"
228 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JAMES McBRIDE..........Proprietor.
The best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars. Gloves always on hand. PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 17-3m*

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS..........Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

White House. White House.
JOE COBURN & CAPT. SAUNDERS, PROPRIETORS.
No. 113 GRAND ST., near BROADWAY.
Everything of the best brand. Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars, to suit the most fastidious. All the Great News of Coburn's match with Mace for the Championship of the World to be learned from Sir Joseph's Uncle, the valiant captain of the 69th Regiment Irish Volunteers. A splendid Oil Painting of the American Champion just added—also a Photograph of the Irish-American trio, taken in Bellingoola. The White House is the only house in the country where reliable "tips" on the forthcoming mill may be learned. 19-tf

Harry Hill's
EXCHANGE CLUB ROOMS AND RESTAURANT,
NO. 26 EAST HOUSTON STREET,
Near Broadway.
FAMOUS FOR ITS OPTIME REFRESHMENTS,
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS A NO. 1.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL SPORTING ON DITS,
HARMONY, SOCIABILITY, MUSIC AND DANCING.
HARRY HILL is also Proprietor of that Suburban retreat, known as the PARK COTTAGE, cor. 71st st. and 3d Ave. 19-3m

FIGHTS TO COME.

Joe Coburn vs. Jem Mace, for the Championship of the World and $2,500 a side, Tuesday, Oct. 4th, in Ireland.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Bradley vs. Dooley, $200 a side.
27.—Jack Turner vs. Jim Kerrigan, $1000 a side, at 130 lbs.
24.—Patrick Fitzpatrick vs. John Murphy, $500 a side, catch weight.
OCTOBER 6.—Mike Noonan vs. Mike Dorsey, $500 a side, catch weight.
28.—Pete Martin vs. Dooney Harris, $1000 a side, catch weight.

TIME AND PLACE OF DEPOSITING.

NOONAN VS. DORSEY.

Deposit.	*A side.*	*Place.*	*Time.*
6th	50	I. Lazarus', 223 Centre st.,	Aug. 23.
7th	50	Guy's Bandbox, Water st.,	Aug. 30.
8th	50	Colbert's, Houston and Crosby sts.,	Sept. 6.
9th	50	Murphy's, Col'mba and Degraw sts.	Sept 13.
10th & last	50	H. Lazarus', 12 E. Houston st.,	Sept. 20.

To be made between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M.

HARRIS VS. MARTIN.

4th deposit of $200 a side at CLIPPER office, August 23.
5th do 200 do do do 30.
6th and last 100 do do October 25.
To be made by 5 P. M., except the last, which must be made between the hours of 1 and 3 P. M.

TURNER VS. KERRIGAN.

Deposit.	*A side.*	*Place.*	*Time.*
3d	$100	At the CLIPPER office,	August 23
4th	100	do do	September 2
5th	100	do do	September 12
6th & last	100	do do	September 22

FITZPATRICK VS. MURPHY.

Deposit.	*A side.*	*Place.*	*Time.*
3d	$100	At the CLIPPER office,	August 27
4th	100	do do	September 3
5th & last	100	do do	September 17

To be made between the hours of 12 M. and 3 P. M.

The American Fistiana, 30 cents.
BATTLES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, 30 cents.
OWEN SWIFT ON BOXING, 15 cents.
Send to JOHN BECKLEY, P. O. Box 3947, N. Y. 20-1t*

NOONAN VS. DORSEY.—Tommy Churchill, the stakeholder in this match, attended in person the last deposit at Paddy Kiernan's in Brooklyn, and received the stakes; he also called and got the previous deposit, which was left for him at our office. Quite a number of Brooklyn sports witnessed the staking at Kiernan's, but Johnny Dwyer was the only Dorsey man present. The next half century has to be tabled at Izzy Lazarus', 223 Centre street, on Tuesday, August 23, when there will be a sing-song, Izzy in the chair, faced by Old Bill Tovee. We guess there'll be a pretty nice time.

DEATH OF MRS. HENRY.—The estimable wife of Michael Henry, of the Marshall House, Brooklyn, is dead. The melancholy event occurred on the 15th inst. On the day previous she had given birth to a child. Mrs. Henry was only twenty-four years of age, and an amiable, loving wife. The numerous friends of Mr. Henry will deeply sympathize with him in this untimely bereavement.

MIKE DORSEY'S BENEFIT.

It was another hot night, was the 15th of August, when Mike Dorsey had his benefit at the Stuyvesant Institute, but nevertheless the house was well filled, and the great majority being strangers, many of the sports having set sail for Poughkeepsie that evening to be present at the boat race, including about fifty representatives of the Smoky City. This party would have liked to have gone one eye on the show as well as those who were there, for the Pittsburghers, as a general thing, are more fond of all kinds of sport than any other class of those who go towards making up the able-bodied population of this distracted and bleeding country. Among those not usually seen at sparring shows unless they promise something extraordinary, were Toppy Maguire, the pioneer newsboy of Gotham; Jake Roome, the canine admirer, but who wagers his money on almost anything, from a rat killing match to a presidential election; Prickett, the wrestler and jig dancer; Jimmy Divine, one of the old boys, who is to have full possession of the White House when Captain Saunders goes over to Ireland to see his nephew, Master Joe, box Mace, the Gipsey; Jack Looney, one of Jim Coburn's old antagonists; and a delegation from Mastersonville, headed by Johnny Carman, the biggest little sport up town. These, and others "too numerous to mention" came and got in the melting mood looking on at the fun, while the volunteers literally rolled in perspiration. Of late, it has got to be nine o'clock before the ball opens, and even then Father Tovee has the greatest difficulty in the world in getting it started. This is owing to a variety of causes, not the least of which is that certain parties in the audience think to make themselves conspicuous by making all sorts of uncalled for remarks. Dry wit, such as that which flows spontaneously from the mouth of Tom the Boatman, is appreciated for its originality. Bowen's jokes are allowable, because they are amusing, and we've heard him crack jokes with Morrissey, Yankee Sullivan, and other great pugilists when they were setting-to in such bang up style that the great stock broker and turfman, and his equally illustrious, but now dead and gone, professor of boxing to the King of the Sandwich Islands, have been compelled to drop their hands and ease themselves by a hearty laugh at the Boatman's comicalities. There is one noticeable feature about Tom's jokes, and that is, that whether under the influence of weiss beer or not, his witticisms are devoid of all vulgarity and filthy language. The great aim of chaffing now is to see who can use the foulest verbiage, and if this thing isn't stopped, it is going to hurt sparring shows—therefore we say, stop it altogether. So much for the homily. Now for something else.

After Tovee had done double duty outside, and Tom Chaffers had collected a house full of tickets, the game was started by a couple of kids born of poor but honest parents, who battered away until they could hardly stand on their fragile underpinning.

When they had finished, little Dick Hollywood, Gentleman Dick, who has been reinstated as host of the CLIPPER Shades in East Broadway, and Young Grady, the Sailor Boy, put on the gloves together and made one of the finest displays of the evening, Grady's superior strength and indifference to hitting enabling him to land some very clean and telling left-handers on the elongated phiz of the light-waisted disciple of Faust, who was well tried, but not found wanting; he got home very cleverly and prettily, but not with the same stinging severity as O'Grady, the Fearless.

Butt Riley and Johnny Dwyer next faced the music, and at first Butt sent in some crunchers at the Brooklynite, who fought rather shy, and after the first round or two, whenever Riley came the Bull Run charge, Dwyer would come the stooping dodge and put on the hug, so that but little execution was done—finally they got so wary and watchful of each other that after sparring for several minutes without either one getting in a hit, they gave it up as a bad job and retreated in good order.

Bennett and Montgomery's arrangement was a very slippery and somewhat amusing affair, the Glasgow laddie by a run of good luck escaping no end of thwacks aimed at his devoted head, and slipping around like an eel; before Bennett got through with him he got a couple of downers.

The "display" between George Coburn, the Prairie Chicken, and Jim Coburn was as good as a circus, and made more fun than all the rest put together, even if the Prairie Hen wouldn't "pass the doctor," as intimated by one of the substitute brokers; the Chicken got himself up in such a variety of shapes that we would caution Don Santiago Gibbonnoise to look to his laurels; a greater tom-fool we never saw on the boards; it was lucky indeed that Jim knew the Prairie flower, or George would have got his deserts; as it was, the Champion's brother upset the Chicken twice.

Young Nolan, an exceedingly active, loose sort of a cuss, and Jimmy Hanley tried it on next, Jimmy putting on his savagest looks and trying to make the Liverpudlian strike his flag—it couldn't be did, though; for, although the recruiting agent put in several hot 'uns, Nolan only grinned at them, and didn't seem to mind them any more than so many fly-bites; he got himself up in good shape, and escaped many a wicked hit by the skin of his teeth—this was fighting in earnest, not sparring.

O'Conner and Charley Walker's match was bad for the O'Conner, as in the very first round Charley fetched him such a welt on his olfactory organ that he snifted and snorted like the fabulous Bull of Bashan, and after a round or two more was glad to cry a go.

Next appeared two chaps, young in years, but old in experience, belonging up-town; although no great science was shown, the Messrs. Sheridan and Doran kept it up by a regular slogging match, up and down like two Waterford Jacks: Sheridan is the lad who fought McCabe on the 29th of May, 1858, on the Bloomingdale Road, when Billy Donohue and Billy Atkins seconded Little Mac, with Con Foley and Bob Lane for Sherry.

For the wind up, Johnny Lazarus, true to his word, appeared on the stage in company with Mike Dorsey, who had Slim Jim for attendant, to rub him off after the different rounds. Mike begins to look like himself once more, and the stories told of his love of hard work are really astonishing, "if true." As a general thing, men in similar predicaments are not apt to go in very rough—not so with Jack Lazarus: he made one of his lightning onslaughts the moment they were at liberty to punch each other, and although it somewhat surprised Mickey, it was not altogether unexpected, and Dorsey stood his ground manfully, letting go both hands, and using his right more than ever we saw him before. It was a downright thumping match, but quite satisfied his friends that he made out so good with one who has been brought up to boxing from the time when he was "knee high to a grasshopper." Now that both Dorsey and Noonan have had what they deserved, a benefit apiece, we hope that nobody else will jump in until after the proposed testimonial to Charley Lynch.

HALF THE MONEY UP FOR MARTIN AND HARRIS.—Another $200 from each of these gladiators arrived in due season on the 16th inst., Mike Stanton being Dooney's backer, as he was likewise at the previous deposit instead of Jem Colbert, as we unintentionally said when last referring to the progress of this match. Martin's money was sent on "all serene." He and his backer were in New York on the day following, and stayed over till the 18th to see the wrestling match between Harry Hill and Uzile Prickett, the latter an old opponent of Pete's. We are glad to learn that Martin's benefit at Franklin Hall, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., was well attended. Dooney Harris has been out of town for some weeks, and is now engaged in training Dooley to fight Bradley, at Pottsville, Pa., which will enable him to get in pretty good fix, too. So far, all has gone well. $200 a side more will have to be forthcoming on the 23d inst.

TURNER'S MATCH WITH KERRIGAN.—More spons., consisting of a century apiece, will have to be at the CLIPPER office on Tuesday, August 23d, from Turner and Kerrigan. Nothing new from either party.

SAM HURST IN TROUBLE.—The Staleybridge Infant was hauled up before the Big Wig at Manchester, where he keeps a large hotel and livery stable, on Tuesday, August 2d, charged with having stolen £41 from one John Kelly, who has just returned from New Orleans, and a second charge of having unlawfully and knowingly permitted gaming in his house. After hearing the evidence it was clear the more serious charge could not be sustained, but the magistrate, Mr. C. J. S. Walker, fined the "Infant" £5 for permitting gambling, and stated that the police would be desired to represent the case to the magistrates at the annual licensing sessions. Mr. Hurst at once paid the fine, and made his conge. The charge of theft, it is needless to add, arose from Kelly having lost £41 at cards.

[This "unlooked for and unavoidable circumstance" will explain the reason for his not setting-to with Coburn as advertised. —ED. CLIPPER.]

CHARLEY PERKINS AND HIS ROCHESTER FRIENDS.—This noted professor of boxing, famous for his sets-to with John C. Heenan, Aaron Jones, Ned Price, Mike Smith and other prominent men, has been invited to give an exhibition in Rochester, and has the matter under consideration. When the affair comes off, which will probably be during the State Fair, Jim Heenan will appear in the wind-up with Charley. As Perkins hails from Rochester, his reception will be a most cordial one.

JIM HEENAN NOT BEEN TO CHICAGO.—One of our correspondents, in noting the arrival of Harry Stebbins, the Ten-Pin Roller, and Johnny Hickey, the Pugilist, made mention of Jim Heenan's being there at the same time. This is not so, and if any body out west is traveling on Heenan's reputation, he's a fraud of the first water, and should be run off the track and made an example of, as there's been too much of this sort of thing of late, and when the original does visit a place where the D. B. has once shown his mug, people don't know whether to patronize him or not, and the deserving ones are made to suffer thereby. When Heenan does go that way, our friends in the Garden City will hear of his intention through the CLIPPER.

JIM HEENAN, ROCKEY MOORE, Mike Smith, Billy Donnelly, and others have expressed their desire to spar at the proposed testimonial to Charley Lynch, who recently had his leg amputated at Bellevue Hospital. Let all who wish to assist send along their names to the CLIPPER office.

PRESENTATION TO A PUGILIST.—It is very rare that any of the second or third rate English boxers get anything in the way of presents except "a good hiding," which they could get along very well without, whereas the Champions are cupped and belted (metalically speaking) until they get almost enough to start a jeweller's shop. Knowing this to be the case, we take pleasure in mentioning that Charley Ball, of Hull, was recently presented with a splendid gold watch and chain at Greenock, as a small token of regard, for which Charley begs to tender his hearty thanks. 'Tis well.

ATTACKED WITH PARALYSIS.—Lewy de Angelis, who for many years has held and now holds a prominent political position, and was always one of the most enthusiastic supporters of boating sports, was on the 19th inst. seized with a severe attack of paralysis in his lower limbs. The nature of the attack is so severe that his friends are alarmed for his safety. This will be bad news for his innumerable friends throughout the country.

RETURNED FROM SARATOGA.—Messrs. Jim Heenan and Barclay, now that the races are over, and the season well nigh closed, have returned to town. Heenan called upon us on the 19th, not looking over well, in relation to somebody having been humbugging the people in Chicago. He intends going to Rochester during the Fair week, and in conjunction with Charley Perkins, will give sparring entertainments there.

NOT GOING TO IRELAND.—Owing to the match between Noonan and Dorsey, Phil Clare will not go over to see the Coburn and Mace fight. Phil is a great friend of the Noonans, and without him the South Brooklynites would hardly know what to do. Fact.

CHARLEY FAGAN, a very clever little boxer, and once an opponent of Denny Horrigan's, has been started in business by some friends in this city, and is now chief engineer of a shoemaker-shop in Madison Street, opposite Joe King's. There's no jo-king about this, as any of the boys who may want "crab shells," Wellington's, Bleuchers, high-lows, or pumps, have only to give little Fagan a call to get suited to a gnat's eye. The Fourth Ward sports, headed by Johnny Monaghan, will have nothing but the Fagan brogan. Whist!

ALL THE MONEY UP FOR BRADLEY AND DOOLEY.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of $200 more from these Pottsville boxers, which, with the $200 previously received, makes good the whole amount to be fought for, unless, by mutual consent, they agree to increase the stakes. The men are to fight on the 1st of September.

A COMPANION FOR DORSEY.—Fitz, of Providence, will, we understand, train in company with Mike Dorsey, at the training grounds of Tom Chaffers, in Williamsburg.

BILLY HIGGINS LEAVES $200 TO FIGHT MIKE NORTON.

Just before going to press, Billy Higgins, (in company with Docker and Hanley,) who had some trouble with Crow, Curly Thompson, and others, on the evening of the 19th inst., when it is alleged four or five got at and double banked him, called at our office and left $200 in our hands to make a match with Mike Norton, accompanied with the following challenge:

No. 12 EAST HOUSTON ST., *August 22nd*

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER:—Having been cowardly assaulted on two different occasions by Crow and his gang, to see whether he will meet me alone and single handed, I hereby challenge Mike Norton, *alias* Crow, to fight me a square fight, according to the rules of the prize ring, in three months' time, at catch weight, for from $500 up to $1,000 a side, and herewith leave a deposit of $200 at the office of the CLIPPER for him to cover. As I have business out of the city for a week or two, when my $200 shall have been covered and I notified, I will meet him at the CLIPPER office on Saturday, the 10th day of September, between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M., to increase the deposit and sign articles. As he is much the bigger man I hope he won't back out of it. Concerning Curly Thompson, he is altogether beneath my notice. I'll settle with him when I meet him alone. WILLIAM HIGGINS.

HICKEY'S FIFTY TAKEN UP.—Seeing that there was no prospect of a match with Johnny Hickey at his weight, Barney Martin, one of his backers, has drawn the $50, the time having expired without any body accepting his challenge. We believe that Harry Stebbins and Hickey propose opening a sporting drum in Chicago.

A DEAD BEAT.—The fellow calling himself Bill Ryall turns out to be a dead beat. It was just as we expected. Spot the knave!

MRS. THOMAS CHAFFERS, wife of the veteran trainer, is dead. She was buried about three weeks ago.

COBURN STOCK GOING UP.—Private and public advices concerning the gallant manner in which Coburn conducted himself in his sets-to with Joe Goss, Bill Ryall, and Jack Rooke, all three of whom he bested with the gloves most unmistakeably, has sent the Irish-American Champion's stock up considerably, and where, a short time ago it was two to one on Mace, it has come down to $100 to $75. We heard a wealthy Britisher offer to bet $1000 to $700 three times on the "Irish-Norfolkian," and should have made public his offer for Coburn's friends, only that he left for Havana a few days afterwards, and before the next CLIPPER came out. Our ring reporter, who has seen all the great English boxers spar, places more stress on the way Coburn handled Ryall than either one of the others, as Bill used to hit Mace's Wolf, who travelled with his master as aid-de-camp and set-to with him all over the country, where and when he pleased. Jim Heenan also acknowledged to us that he has seen Ryall best Mace in sparring many a time, and where a short time ago he appeared to think Mace too many guns for Coburn, he now weakens on the Gipsey, and says the mason has a pretty good chance to win. Owing to Mace's making his headquarters and putting up his deposits at "his favorite Irish second's" drum, the George and Dragon, kept by Harry Brunton, it is thought that Bill Richardson is ignored altogether this time, and as William is fond of taking the odds, it is no two to one that he doesn't lay out his notes on Coburn, all of which looks favorable for Master Joe. There's another thing in Coburn's favor, the invigorating, bracing climate of his native heaths; and the substantial beef and mutton of that country will be the means of his filling out and growing as strong as a mule, and we expect to find on the day of battle that our man will be the biggest every way. All these are good points.

FITZ, OF PROVIDENCE, AND MURPHY, OF NEW YORK.—"One hundred dollars more" came rolling in in due season from each of the representatives of these men on Saturday, the 20th inst., and all hands were as sociable as a company of picnicers. Fitz's monied friends, Tom Clarke, of the corner of Canal and Centre, who put up the first instalment, Frank McLaughlin, of 113 Mulberry street, the sporting publican who made good the second, and Deputy Sheriff Wm. McNamara, of 117 Mulberry street, well known also to showmen, attended in person, but Fitz himself didn't show this time, as he is hard at work in company with Dorsey at Tom Chaffers. The Murphy men, headed by Owen Geogheghan, who made good the second deposit, were half a dozen strong, and among the party we spied young Costello, a clever boxer, who used to figure with Scotty, of Newark, and such like, when Kerrigan's hall was the great resort for muscular festivals, and Apple Jack was around. John Murphy likewise attended in person to contradict the cock-and-bull story about his arrest, as given out by a sensation reporter in one of the dailies that morning: John pronounced the whole story a canard of the first water. He informed us that it was more than likely he would train in Boston. So far, everything has gone lovely, and the long-necked animal is elevated.

CAPTAIN JAMES SAUNDERS, of the "Gallant Sixty-Ninth," will leave for Ireland on or about the 10th of September, to be present at the great battle between his nephew, Joe Coburn, and Jem Mace, the conqueror of Tom King, Joe Goss, Sam Hurst, etc. During his absence Jimmy Devine will "reign in his stead," as Chief of the White House. Let the people rejoice that there is to be so worthy a successor. In like manner we trust that the White House at Washington may be as fortunate in getting Little Mac to occupy the chair.

HOW TO GET THERE.—As many of Dorsey and Fitz's friends have inquired how they can reach Tom Chaffer's training grounds, we would notify them that by crossing the Grand street ferry to Williamsburgh, and jumping aboard the horse cars which go towards Calvary Cemetery on the Calvary Road, they will experience no more difficulty in finding the spot than rolling off a log. Tom's place is "forninst" the Manor House. Now you know all about it.

"THAT WRESTLING MATCH" between Hill and Prickett, of which an account appears elsewhere, is said to have been a double X of the most glaring character. As we are not "in" with anything of the sort beforehand, we cannot speak by the card as to whether it was or was not, but it is pretty generally understood to have been so. We may be wrong, and if so, Prickett and Hill have the opportunity to set matters right by making their statement known to the sporting public. Should they not see fit to come out, silence will be looked upon as consent, and that it was so.

BEEN LAID UP.—Young Barney Aaron was so sick a fortnight or so ago that the doctors thought he would "kick the bucket," but it will be great satisfaction to his friends to know that he is now getting along bully and feels "like a knife."

JIM DUNN HOMESICK.—The young Brooklyn athlete, from seeing by the CLIPPER how lively the pugs are in and around New York, is, we learn, anxious to "come back from Old Ireland, and tip" Con Fitzgerald or some other big man with a brush for the Championship, which office is now vacant, as Coburn stated before leaving, that after his fight with Jem Mace he should retire from the ring. It wouldn't surprise us to see Dunn in New York before long.

THE LYNCH TESTIMONIAL.—The popular little New York boxing hero, who recently had his leg amputated, will be the recipient of a complimentary exhibition at the Stuyvesant Institute, on Monday, Sept. 5. Jim Heenan, Rockey Moore, Mike Smith, Milage Cornell, John W. Whitney, Mike Trainer and Billy Donnelly, Dick Hollywood, Denny Horrigan, Charley Fagan, etc., and all the Brooklyn fancy will assist. In oddition to the sparring, there will be clog and jig dancing, singing, club swinging, and other entertaining sports. The bills and tickets will be out in a few days. More particulars in our next.

A GOOD WORD FOR M. CORNELL.—The fashionably togged Milage has taken hold of the Lynch testimonial with a will, and is working like a beaver for the ex-champion of the British Feather Weights.

MARTIN TO GIVE AN EXHIBITION IN BOSTON.—Peter Martin, the boxer and wrestler, who conquered Jim Sennet, and is now matched with Dooney Harris, the famous British gladiator, for $2,000, intends shortly to visit Boston, where our Athenian friends will have an opportunity to see him box. Let Peter be heartily welcomed.

CONNER VS. HORRIGAN.—On the strength of a friend (?) having told Conner that he had matched him against Horrigan, we were led into publishing a statement that the above parties were matched. It has since leaked out no money was put up, and hence there is no match.

BILLIARDS.

The Connecticut Billiard Tournament.

G. B. HUBBELL WINS THE CHAMPION CUE.

The Connecticut Billiard Tournament, which was commenced on Tuesday, the 16th inst., at Allyn Hall, Hartford, at 2 P. M., and closed on the evening of Friday, the 19th inst., was to all intents and purposes a great success, and reflected much credit upon both managers and contestants. The chief prize to be contended for was a magnificently gold mounted cue of great intrinsic value, aside from that which has inhered to it by its associations, as the representative badge of the Championship of Connecticut. The original entries to contest for this valuable trophy were Messrs. G. B. Hubbell and Matt. H. Hewins, of Hartford; W. G. Staples, of Norwich; Henry Keating and Lewis Cooper, of New Haven; Geo. B. Hunt and Wm. C. Poster, of Bridgeport; and J. B. Burbank, of New London. To add to the interest of the occasion, in addition to the Champion cue, two other prizes were offered, viz., $50 for the second and $25 for the third in the race. The pairing off was done by lot, so that at the time above stated, Messrs. G. B. Hubbell and M. Hewins entered the arena to play the first game, on one of Messrs. Phelan & Collender's excelsior standard four pocket tables. The Hall was well filled with spectators, who manifested great interest in the tournament; as also did those professionals who had met thither to witness the prowess of the amateurs, as well as to take part in the proceedings. Among those present were the ex-Champion and veteran player, Mr. Michael Phelan of this city; the Champion, Mr. Dudley Kavanagh, also of this city; Mr. Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, the next competitor for the Champion cue of America; Wm. Goldthwait, the meteor, of New York; Melville Foster, another accomplished cueist of New York, and Ralph Benjamin, of Bridgeport. There were afternoon and evening sessions on each day, which would make full details of all the encounters too lengthy for publication, hence we are compelled to confine ourselves to brief summaries, which are as appended:

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, AUGUST 16.

First Game—G. B. Hubbell and M. Hewins, both of Hartford. Hubbell won in 41 runs, by 111 points, making 300 to 189 for Hewins. The best runs were, Hewins 37, Hubbell 33. Time 56 minutes.

Second Game (by professionals)—Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, and M. Phelan, of New York. Game of 500 points. Tieman beat by 98 points. Time 1 hour 15 minutes. The best runs were, Tieman 114, Phelan 79. This was a well played game, watched with much interest, and received considerable applause.

Third Game—G. B. Hunt, of Bridgeport, and H. A. Keating, New Haven. Hunt won by 138 points, making 300 to 162 for Keating. Best run, 40 by Hunt. Time, 65 minutes.

Fourth Game—Jas. B. Burbank, of New London, (formerly of Hartford) and Col. Wm. M. Grosvenor, of New Haven, (formerly one of the editors of the *Palladium*.) Burbank won by 28 points, making 300 to 272 for Grosvenor. Best run, 25 by Burbank. Time, 1 hour 15 minutes.

Fifth Game (by professionals)—Phelan and Tieman. Game 300 points. Some beautiful runs were made by Tieman, while luck seemed to be against Phelan. The former won by 260 points, the latter making but 40. Best run, 78 by Tieman. Time, 28 minutes. Hearty applause was given at its close.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17.

The interest intensified as the tournament progressed, and, notwithstanding the storm, a full house greeted the players. Two or three of the amateurs who entered to contend for the champion cue were prevented from appearing, by illness or other causes, and the actual competitors were reduced to : Messrs. Gershom B. Hubbell and M. Hewins, Hartford; Wm. C. Porter and G. B. Hunt, Bridgeport; James B. Burbank, New London; and H. A. Keating, New Haven. Col. Grosvenor played one game on Tuesday evening, in consequence of the non-arrival of Mr. Porter, but not as a competitor—and that game was thrown out on the arrival of Mr. P., according to previous understanding. At the close of the playing on the previous evening, Messrs. Hunt, Hewins and Hubbell had each won 2 and lost 1 game, Burbank and Keating had each lost 2 and won 1, and Porter had lost 2. Seven contests occurred on the second day, which resulted as follows:

First Game—Porter and Keating. Keating won by 22 points, making 300 to 278 for Porter. Best run, 35 by Keating. Time not kept.

Second Game—Hunt and Hewins. Hewins won by 24 points, making 300 to 276 for Hunt. Best runs, 48 by Hewins, 28 by Hunt. Time, 1 hour 10 min.

Third Game—Hubbell and Burbank. Burbank won by 41 points, making 300 to 259 for Hubbell. Best runs, 43 by Hubbell, 30 by Burbank. Time, 1 hour 8 min.

Fourth Game—Hunt and Porter. Hunt won by 81 points, making 300 to 219 for Porter. Best runs, 55 by Porter, 46 by Hunt. Time, 57 min.

Fifth Game—Hubbell and Keating. Hubbell beat by 67 points, making 300 to 233 for Keating. Best runs, 46 by Hubbell, 44 by Keating. Time, 1 hour 15 min.

Sixth Game—Hewins and Burbank. Hewins beat by 99 points, making 300 to 201 for Burbank. Best runs, 36 by Hewins, 34 by Burbank. Time, 1 hour 3 min.

Seventh Game (by professionals)—Phelan and Tieman. Game, 250 points. Tieman beat by 35 points, making 250 to 215 for Phelan. Best runs, 61 by Tieman, 43 by Phelan. Time, 40 min.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, AUG. 18TH.

The attendance on this day was much larger than on the first and second, owing, no doubt, to the increased interest and the great desire to see the conquering game. Play commenced at 10 A. M., and continued through the afternoon and evening. Eight games were played, including the final game between Messrs. Hubbell and Hunt, and a game between Messrs. Tieman and Foster, which closed the evening. The record is as follows:

First Game—Burbank and Porter. Burbank won by 18 points, making 300 to 282 for Porter. Best runs, Burbank 40, Porter 29. Innings, 45. Time, 1 hour, 16 min.

Second Game—Hubbell and Porter. Hubbell won by 82 points, making 300 to 218 for Porter. Best runs, Hubbell 28, Porter 24. Innings, 42. Time, 1 hour, 13 min.

Third Game—Hewins and Keating. Hewins won by 102 points, making 300 to 198 for Keating. Best runs, Hewins 33, Keating 23. Innings, 46. Time, 1 hour, 14 min.

Fourth Game—Burbank and Hunt. Hunt won by 9 points, making 300 to 291 for Burbank. Best runs, three runs of 31 and three of 20 each, by Burbank, Hunt 36, 32, 29. Innings 46. Time, 1 hour, 26 min.

Fifth Game—Burbank and Keating. Burbank won by 104 points, making 300 to 196 for Keating. Best runs, Burbank 50, Keating 43. Innings, 44. Time 1 hour 20 min.

Sixth Game—Hewins and Porter. Porter won by 72 points, making 300 to 228 for Hewins. Best runs, Porter 30, Hewins 32. Innings, 50. Time 1 hour 10 min.

Messrs. Hubbell and Hunt having each won three games out of four, and leading all the rest, it was agreed to decide the matter between them by a game of 500 points—the winner to receive the splendid champion cue, richly mounted with gold and pearl, valued at $300. This was the second game of the evening. It was pretty evenly contested, skilfully played, and excited much interest from beginning to end, lasting 2 hours and 13 minutes. Mr. Gershom B. Hubbell (of the American Telegraph office, Hartford), won by 31 points, making 500 to 469 for Hunt, and he was declared the champion. The best runs were: Hubbell, 36, 32, 27, 22, and three 20s; Hunt, 37, 32, 30, 27, 26. Innings, 86. When "game" was announced by the marker, there was loud applause for several minutes, and Mr. Hubbell's friends gathered round to offer their congratulations. The gentlemanly winner of the Connecticut Championship we are proud of numbering among our personal acquaintance, and we can safely say that in no more honorable hands, and as the record shows, no more skilful hands could the trophy be intrusted. The evening's entertainment closed with a game of 500 points between Messrs. Tieman of Cincinnati and Foster of New York. Tieman played splendidly, as usual, and "ran out" from 93, making a handsome run of 157 points. Foster made one run over 60. The winner was loudly applauded. The "average" of the fifteen games for the championship was: Hubbell, 6, 48; Hunt, 6, 35; Burbank, 6, 35; Hewins, 5, 89; Porter, 5, 50; Keating, 4, 45.

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19.

The contestants for the second prize of $50, and the third prize of $25, having failed of winning the champion cue, left town Friday morning, so that there was no playing in the afternoon, and the two prizes went to Matt Hewins, of Hartford. That ended the "tournament" proper. In the evening the professionals took up the cue, and there was a large attendance of spectators to witness a trial of skill between the champions for a purse of $100. The playing was admirable, and excited much applause. Three games of 300 points each were played, as follows:

First Game—Tieman, of Cincinnati, and Foster, of New York. Foster won by 54 points, making 300 to 246 for Tieman. Best runs, Tieman 137, Foster 71. Time 46min.

Second Game—Foster and Dudley Kavanagh, (the Champion of the United States). A very close and interesting game, evenly contested. Kavanagh won by *one* point, making 300 to 299 for Foster. Best runs, Kavanagh 76, Foster 53. Time 46min.

Third Game—Kavanagh and Tieman. Another beautiful game. Tieman won by 65 points, making 300 to 235 for Kavanagh. Best runs, Tieman 140, Kavanagh 99. Time 46min.

Each having won a game, it was decided to settle the matter by "two ball pool," instead of playing full games. First Tieman, and then Kavanagh, were driven into the "pocket," and Foster was declared the victor and winner of the $100 purse.

THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY was next in order, when, accompanied by a neat "harangue," Mr. Gavitt, of New York, handed over the champion cue to Mr. Hubbell, who modestly replied. The entertainment concluded with three games of 100 points, Mr. Foster discounting Mr. Hubbell. In the first game Hubbell "skunked" Foster, the latter forfeiting more points than he made. In the second game, Hubbell made 95 to 30 for his opponent, when Foster made a handsome run of 70 and won the game. In the third game, Foster beat Hubbell about 80 points. This ended the first billiard tournament ever held in Connecticut. It was well managed, pretty well attended, and, we believe, gave general satisfaction to all concerned.

Mr. Phelan, of this city, took great interest in the affair, as was manifested by his valuable advice, and the *eclat* of his presence. He also induced the other professional players to attend, which added vastly to the success of the tournament.

THE CHAMPION CHALLENGED.

The champion, Mr. Hubbell, has already received three challenges—from M. Wollahan, G. B. Hunt, and M. Hewins. If he can hold the cue against all comers, (amateurs residing in that State,) for two years, it will *then* become his private personal property. The New York party returned home on Saturday much pleased with the billiard display at Hartford, and with the hospitality they met with at the hands of all those with whom they came in contact.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

AUGUST 22.—Eckford vs Mutual, at Hoboken, at 3 P. M.
30.—Eckford vs. Eagle, at Hoboken.
31.—Empire vs. Union, of Morrisania, at Hoboken.
—.—Atlantic vs. Eureka.
SEPT. —.—Eureka vs. Active, return game, at Hoboken.

SECOND NINE MATCHES.

On Thursday, August 18th, the second nines of the Mutual and Empire clubs played their return game together at Hoboken, the Mutual party winning by a score of 28 to 6 in a full game. Both clubs were well represented on the occasion, but the Mutuals had the strongest team, they having a larger reserve corps than the Empires. The game opened favorably for the Empires, the score at the close of the second being 2 to 0 in their favor; but afterwards the Mutuals got into their batting and at once took a decided lead, and by good fielding prevented the Empires from adding more than four runs more to their score during the remainder of the innings. Of the play on the occasion on the Mutual side, Hunt and Ward fielded beautifully in their several positions; indeed, we have not seen better play in any of the first nine matches of the club than their play was in this. Gavagan was also efficient at second base, and Kelly as catcher, and Green in the field, and Mott as pitcher. In batting, Gavagan took a decided lead, getting two home runs and a clean score, besides being left on the bases three times. Green was second and Mott third. On the Empire side, Ryder caught well behind, and also pitched effectively in the latter part of the game; Martin—a promising young player—did well in both positions. Way played very well at right field, and so did Reeves and Hosford; the former held everything that came near him. In batting, Martin took the lead, although Simms had the most runs, but Martin secured his first base four times, his outs being forced from his base. We give the score below:

BATTING.

EMPIRE.	H.L.	R.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.
Reeves, c f..........	4	0	Hunt, s s..........	2	5
Simms, 1st b..........	2	2	Ward, 1st b..........	3	3
Hosford, l f..........	3	1	Green, c f..........	3	4
Ryder, c..........	3	1	Mott, p..........	3	4
Martin, p..........	2	1	Bogart, 3d b..........	3	3
Cotton, 2d b..........	3	1	Gavagan, 2d b..........	1	4
Williamson, s s..........	3	0	Clark, l f..........	6	0
Scott, 3d b..........	5	0	Kelly, c..........	4	2
Way, r f..........	2	0	Stearns, r f..........	3	3
Total..........		6	Total..........		28

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Empire..........	2	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	0— 6
Mutual..........	0	0	8	1	6	5	1	2	5—28

Umpire—Mr. Burtis, of the Gotham.

On Friday, August 19th, the Eagles and Gothams were to have had a second nine match together, and two nines did play a game, but it was not a second nine match by any means, as the result proved. In fact, the Eagles had but four second nine men on the list, the others being mere amateurs, if not muffins. The Gothams had out a good team, and played well together after the first two or three innings. There were two of the veterans on the nine to keep the boys steady, and they both did good service. Roe played exceedingly well, leading the score at the bat, Mingay being a good second. Robinson batted and fielded admirably, and the others of the juniors played well throughout. Mr. Hilliard acted very creditably as umpire, strictly observing the 6th rule, otherwise the game would have been much longer than it was. The score is as follows:

BATTING.

GOTHAM.	H.L.	R.	EAGLE.	H.L.	R.
Robinson, l f..........	2	8	Bogart, 2d b..........	3	1
Brien, c..........	4	7	Sullivan, c f..........	3	1
Stevens, p..........	3	9	Cournan, 1st b..........	2	2
Barker, 2d b..........	4	7	Powers, s s..........	4	1
Roe, 1st b..........	1	10	Cozans, r f..........	4	1
Mingay, r f..........	1	9	Brown, l f..........	1	1
Simonson, 3d b..........	3	7	Wethers, 3d b..........	3	1
Forsyth, s s..........	5	5	Gordon, c..........	4	1
Beadle, c f..........	4	7	Fielder, p..........	3	1
Total..........		69	Total..........		10

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Gotham..........	12	2	10	8	4	14	6	9	4—69
Eagle..........	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	1—10

Umpire—Mr. Hilliard, of the Active.
Scorers—Messrs. Gibney and Yates.
Time of game—three hours and twenty minutes.

BASE BALL AT ALBANY.—A match between the heavy and light weights was played on the parade ground there on the 19th inst. The announcement attracted a large crowd of lean and fat individuals to the spot to witness the proceedings of their respective favorites. The game continued for over four hours, during which time there was more good, hearty, real genuine laughing indulged in than ever before known. Such running, slipping up and ground and lofty tumbling is seldom witnessed. Some of the evolutions performed by the competitors would have reflected credit upon a prince vaulter of the arena, or the comical illustrations of a clown. Ankles were strained, pants rent asunder, and countenances slightly damaged. The light weights started in like little race horses, but their ardor gradually vanished as the muscle of the "heavies" began to develope and the perspiration to pour. The result was that the "little dears" were badly beaten by the large fellows. The following is the scoring:—

BATTING.

HEAVIES.	H.L.	R.	LIGHTS.	H.L.	R.
Craft, c..........	6	8	White, c..........	1	9
Ford, p..........	5	5	Leslie, 1st b..........	3	6
Hines, 1st b..........	3	10	Read, s s..........	1	7
Wait, 2d b..........	3	9	Harris, c f..........	3	5
Dickerman, 3d b..........	2	9	Woodhull, p..........	4	3
Hills, s s..........	5	7	McQuade, p..........	3	4
Mix, r f..........	2	10	Clapp, l f..........	2	6
T Hastings, l f..........	3	7	W Hastings, 2d b..........	3	5
Davis, c f..........	2	7	Cuyler, 3d b..........	3	5
Total..........		72	Total..........		50

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Heavies..........	5	1	1	15	16	14	10	10	—72
Lights..........	5	3	2	1	3	10	9	17	—50

NEWARK VS. UNION.—A match game of base ball was played on Wednesday, 17th, between the Union club, of Morrisania, and the Newark club, on the grounds corner of Sixty-third street and Third avenue, which resulted in favor of the Newark club by a score of 10 to 8 on the 5th innings. The 6th innings was commenced and stood when stopped by rain, 10 and 10. The following is the score:

BATTING.

UNION.	H.L.	R.	NEWARK.	H.L.	R.
Nicholson, 3d b..........	2	2	Thorne, c f..........	1	2
Abrams, 3d b..........	2	2	Terrill, 2d b..........	3	0
Hannegan, s s..........	1	2	Collins, r f..........	2	2
Pinckney, 2d b..........	2	1	Buckley, p..........	1	2
Durell, l f..........	1	1	Lewis, l f..........	1	2
Birdsall, p..........	2	0	Osborne, c..........	2	1
Hudson, c..........	2	0	McFarland, s s..........	3	0
Bogle, c f..........	1	0	Stout, 1st b..........	1	1
Sterns, r f..........	2	0	Greathead, 3d b..........	2	0
Total..........		8	Total..........		10

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Newark..........	4	1	3	1	1	.	.	.	—10
Union..........	4	0	4	0	0	.	.	.	— 8

Umpire—Mr. Jewett, of the Empire club.

MUFFIN AND AMATEUR MATCHES.—Several of these enjoyable style of games were played last week by members of the Excelsior, Eckford, and Newark clubs, the former being a legitimate affair, but the Eckford and Newark game was more of a second nine match than anything else; it certainly was not a muffin game, as the fact of the Newark party making six fly catches and their opponents three in the game, and that seventeen players were put out on bases, of which nine were on second, third, and home bases, shows plainly enough the play was very good in the field. By bound catches alone can players be legitimately put out in muffin games, fly catches are not on the square. We give below the score of these respective encounters:

BATTING.

AMERICAN.	H.L.	R.	TALLMAN.	H.L.	R.
Morrison, c..........	2	3	Tallman, p..........	2	2
Woodward, 1st b..........	2	3	Allen, c f..........	1	3
Brewster, p..........	1	3	Hines, 1st b..........	2	2
Merritt, r s..........	1	3	Reimer, c..........	2	2
Daniel, l f..........	2	1	Acker, 2d b..........	0	2
W Holt, r f..........	1	2	Briggs, 3d b..........	2	2
Jones, c f..........	1	1	Crittenden, s s..........	1	2
Borland, s s..........	2	2	Hillsley, l f..........	0	1
Oswald, 2d b..........	0	4	Hutchins, r f..........	3	0
Smith, 3d b..........	3	1	Thorne, r s..........	2	2
Total..........		23	Total..........		18

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
American..........	4	5	9	2	3	0	0	0	0—23
Tallman..........	1	3	2	10	2	0	0	0	0—18

Umpires—Messrs. Birdseye, Young and Russell, of Excelsior.
Scorers—Messrs. Holt and Chadwick.
Time of game—two hours.

BATTING.

ECKFORD.	H.L.	R.	NEWARK.	H.L.	R.
VanDyke, p..........	3	4	Birney, c..........	2	3
Jenkins, r f..........	4	2	Rogan, p..........	5	0
Cornwell, c f..........	5	2	Sorrell, 1st b..........	4	3
Fenton, s s..........	1	4	Unger, 2d b..........	1	3
Tiece, c..........	4	3	Lemesince, 3d b..........	3	2
Ketcham, l f..........	3	4	Williams, s s..........	0	5
Simonson, 2d b..........	3	4	Pell, l f..........	5	0
Brown, 3d b..........	3	4	Pearson, r f..........	2	3
Wade, 1st b..........	1	4	Duneam, c f..........	5	1
Total..........		31	Total..........		20

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford..........	0	0	11	4	3	3	1	0	9—31
Newark..........	0	1	0	3	5	1	6	2	2—20

Umpire—Mr. Cozans, of the Eagle club.
Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Greathead.
Time of game—two hours.
Home runs—Brown, 3; Birney, 1; Unger, 1.

MATCH GAME AT HAND BALL FOR $1000.—Two champion players of Philadelphia have been matched to play a game of hand ball against two champion players of Brooklyn, for $500 a side. The game will take place at the Brooklyn Hand Ball Court, No. 173 York street, Brooklyn, on Thursday, August 25 between 1 and 2 P. M. As it is the first match of importance that has been made for some years, we anticipate a large attendance. One dollar is the sum charged for admission.

CRICKET.

The Capitoline Hotel,
BEDFORD AVE., near GATES AVE.,
BROOKLYN.
Johnson's Celebrated Old Burton, East India and XXX Ale on draught.
A 1 Liquors and Segars.
THE BEST QUOIT GROUND IN THE CITY, in perfect order at all times.
A GOOD BILLIARD ROOM, where parties can enjoy a quiet Game, with Good Attendance.
"BYRON," OF CRICKET RENOWN, will be happy to meet all comers in a friendly contest. 9-3m*

Matches Arranged.

AUG. 24.—(Proposed.) New York vs. St. George, second elevens, return game, at Bedford.
SEPT. —New York, second eleven, vs. Bronxville, return game, at Bronxville.
—New York, first eleven, vs. Philadelphia, return game, at Philadelphia.

ST. GEORGE VS. KINGSTON.—The first named club of Oswego, N. Y., and the latter of Kingston, C. W., played a cricket match on August 10th and 11th. This is an annual match, and the friendly strife has always been of a rather exciting nature. A large concourse of people witnessed the game, in which there was not a small representation of the ladies of Oswego. Numbers of carriages were on the ground from neighboring towns. Betting was lively during the fore part of the day, the odds being on Oswego after it was discovered that none of the Rifle Brigade had come over to play, as was expected. The wickets were pitched at 10:30 A. M. on Wednesday, the St. George Club being sent to the bat. The bowling was excellent on each side, until Meagher was hurt in the knee while at the bat in the first innings, and the number of extras scored to the St. George Club afterwards indicated a serious loss to the Kingston boys on account of the accident. The fielding, with a few exceptions, was rather loose. In the first innings Daly, as long stop, was entirely out of place, as the thirteen byes abundantly show. The wicket keeping of John Stevenson was very fine, and elicited the admiration of all. Holley got a splendid leg hit for four, but unfortunately the very next ball he was compelled to retire, leg before wicket. Daly added seven to the score by a fine leg hit for four and a drive for three. Henry Stevenson played rather timidly for so good a bat as he is. White's play in the field was, as usual, good. Gallagher did well for a young player, carrying out his bat after making a creditable double and one single. The batting of Thibedo, Vardon and Maguire deserves notice—that of the former being really beautiful. Shibley's long stopping was also a noticeable feature. The most singular thing about this match was that the best bats of the St. George Club, with one exception (J. Stevenson), made the smallest scores. But this is the fortune of cricket, and accidents will happen to the best players. At 6:30 P. M. the stumps were drawn, Kingston being at the bat with a score of 24 and two wickets down. Play was resumed next morning, and at 12 M. was concluded in favor of the St. George by 30 runs, as will be seen by the appended score:—

ST. GEORGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
H Stevenson b A Meagher..........	0	b Thibedo..........	2
Sibley b A Meagher..........	11	b Agnew..........	3
Holley b Agnew..........	2	l b w b A Meagher..........	4
J Stevenson b Agnew..........	0	run out..........	11
Rice b A Meagher..........	4	c Shibley b A Meagher..........	7
White b A Meagher..........	1	b A Meagher..........	3
French c and b A Meagher..........	8	b Vardon..........	2
Liley not out..........	2	b A Meagher..........	6
Daley b Agnew..........	9	b A Meagher..........	7
Gallagher b Agnew..........	0	not out..........	3
Roberts st Davis b A Meagher..........	9	l b w b Thibedo..........	5
Byes 10, leg byes 3, wides 9, no balls 1..........	23	Byes 9, leg byes 12, no balls 3..........	24
Total..........	60	Total..........	71

KINGSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Thibedo b French..........	8	b H Stevenson..........	7
Vardon l b w b French..........	7	b H Stevenson..........	6
Maguire b H Stevenson..........	4	c and b H Stevenson..........	14
A Meagher b French..........	2	not out..........	8
D Meagher b French..........	0	b H Stevenson..........	0
Agnew b French..........	5	b H Stevenson..........	0
C Corbett b H Stevenson..........	0	b H Stevenson..........	0
Shibley l b w b H Stevenson..........	2	run out..........	0
T Corbett b H Stevenson..........	0	c H Stevenson b French..........	0
Ferguson not out..........	0	c White b H Stevenson..........	0
J Meagher c Holley b H Stevenson..........	0	b French..........	0
Byes 13, leg bye 1, wide 1..........	15	Byes 5, leg byes 2, wides 7..........	14
Total..........	43	Total..........	49

Umpires—Messrs. Davis and Pierson.

QUOIT MATCH.—*Newark against Philadelphia.*—A quoit match was played at the grounds of Albert Emerick, Belgrade House, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., for $100 a side, the contestants being a Scotchman named McCollum, of Newark, and Frank Firth, of Philadelphia. The game was 75 points, the first half being played by each man throwing two quoits, alternately, and the last half, quoit and quoit about. The Scotchman proved the winner of the game by six points. The game was witnessed by quite a number of spectators, and everything passed off pleasantly. The betting was in favor of the Newark man throughout the game.

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE END OF FLORA'S PILGRIMAGE.

Plodding on through rain and sunshine—through storm and fine weather—now meeting hundreds—now scarcely seeing a living creature for days together,—Flora Lennox at length found herself in the neighborhood of Carew Castle. When, however, she had arrived at her destination—when, at length, the frowning walls of the old battlemented castle had become visible to her,—she feared to approach it. Whom could she ask to see? How could she indicate her coming? The papers she brought were certainly sufficient proofs that she came as a friend; but how could she guarantee the kind of reception she would meet with? At length, however, after much hesitation before the gate, the travel-stained wanderer rang the bell, and awaited in trepidation the approach of the old domestic. She need have felt no alarm. The gates of Carew Castle were always open to the wanderer, whether his demand was of a business nature or otherwise.

"I wish to see Sir Mordaunt Carew," she said to the old servant who opened the door to her. "My business is of the utmost importance."

The domestic shook his head.

"You have just come too late," he said. "Sir Mordaunt left this morning for London."

Flora burst into tears.

"After my wanderings—my weary wanderings,—I have arrived too late," she murmured. "It seems cruel—most cruel!"

The servant was moved by her sorrow.

"Sir Mordaunt's brother is here," he said. "Perhaps he may be able to be of service to you."

Flora caught at this idea. She dried her tears.

"Thank you," she said, "my business is not secret. Sir Mordaunt's brother will be as useful to me as the Baronet himself."

"Come this way, then," returned the domestic.

In a few minutes he had led her into the presence of Wentworth Carew. He eyed her with interest. She had given her name, Flora Lennox, and he knew it well. Bamfylde had often named her. Wentworth advanced towards her with his usual courtesy.

"I know your name well, Mrs. Lennox," he said, "though better as Flora Mackenzie. If you desire to see Bamfylde, I regret that you are doomed to disappointment—he sailed a week since for the Continent."

Flora glanced at him in astonishment.

"The Continent!"

"Yes; with his wife."

She turned slightly pale, and pressed her hand over her heart. But Wentworth saw her agitation by the tremor of her lips and the wild heavings of her bosom.

"Why did he leave England?" she said. "Is he the subject of persecution?"

"You do not know his sad story, then?" cried Wentworth. "Ah, truly, no! He fell into the hands of his enemies when he quitted you."

He briefly told Bamfylde's story. Flora listened eagerly, a pallor overspreading her features as he spoke of the marriage. Then she said calmly:

"So, even before he has proofs, Sir Mordaunt has accepted him as his son?"

"Yes; and I fear he must continue to do so. The papers establishing his identity are lost."

"They are found!" cried Flora. "I have them with me!"

She produced a little leathern bag. This she placed on the table before him, and unlocked it.

"There!" she said, with a tone of triumph; "there are the long-lost documents, stolen by my husband, as he stole other things yet more sacred. They are now restored by me."

Wentworth understood her. She spoke of her own love—her own heart. He scanned the papers eagerly. They were undeniable.

"Madam!" he said, rapturously; "you have achieved a triumph; you have, by one stroke, made four persons happy. Accept, in their name, my heartfelt thanks, and command me in anything. But tell me, how did you accomplish the journey hither? The distance from Hull to Carew Castle is immense."

"I came partly by coach and partly on foot," she answered, humbly. "My resources were small, and I was unwilling to expend too much."

As she said these words she burst into a flood of tears. They brought before her too keenly her position. Now she had accomplished her errand, what was she to do? Whither could she turn? Without a friend or a relation in the wide world, to whom was she to apply for assistance? Wentworth guessed the nature of her thoughts.

"Bless me, madam!" he said, taking her hand kindly; "this is no time for tears, but for joy at the escape of him for whom we all feared so much. No doubt, your journey has overtasked your strength; but a little quiet here, at the Castle, will instil fresh life into you; and by restoring your health, make you look at things in a happier light."

Flora smiled bitterly.

"You know my story?" she said.

"I do."

"Why, then, sir, can you mock me by mentioning the word happiness in connection with my name? Have not all my hopes in life been shipwrecked? Have I not lived ever since my early youth in a dark dreamland, from which the only escape is the grave? Have I a hope beyond this? Have I a friend in the world? No! When I leave this place, it will be to seek a livelihood alone, unaided, unsympathised with."

Wentworth Carew pressed kindly the little hand which lay in his.

"Madam!" he said; "you are doing us all great injustice. Are we not your friends? Do we not sympathise with your misfortunes? But come, dry your tears, Mrs. Lennox; at present your home is here."

"I have done my duty, sir; I claim nothing from you or yours," she said proudly. "I do not see of what avail any further stay here would be. As I have to do my battle with Fortune, I had better begin at once."

"My brother would never forgive me, madam," returned Wentworth, "if I were to permit you to depart before his return home."

He rose and rang the bell.

"The servant," he added, "will show you to a room, where you can make yourself at home."

The domestic appeared.

"Show this lady to the chamber on the first corridor," said Wentworth, as if the question of her stay was settled.

She smiled, and prepared to follow the servant.

"I accept your hospitality, Mr. Carew," she said, "until such time as your brother returns."

She turned, and quitted the room.

"A beautiful woman, egad!" cried Wentworth, when she had gone. "It almost makes me wish myself a young man again."

He said she was beautiful. He was right. During the latter part of her husband's life she had been his slave; and the squalid poverty in which she existed had taken the roses from her cheeks, as it had taken the roundness from her form. Now it was different. The long journey she had come—the constant exposure to the fresh air, and the absence of the obnoxious influences of her home, had restored her to something like her former beauty. And, indeed, the maturity of her charms rendered her to some more attractive. Her face was fuller, her limbs more developed, her bust more evident, than when she first knew Bamfylde Carew. And over her features was a ruddy hue and glow of health, which was infinitely attractive. Flora was now two-and-thirty; but the years that had added strength and warmth to her charms had scarcely touched the youthful gleamings of her eye. At eighteen she was the chaste budding beauty. At thirty-two she was the woman—the glorious realization of youth's promise. Home Secretaries in those days were scarcely less obstinate than they are in these days. Wentworth Carew knowing the errand upon which his brother had gone to London, was prepared accordingly to see him return as he had come. But he was scarcely prepared for the manner in which he did return. He came back devoid of every hope. The Minister would give him not the slightest ray of hope. He would not even promise to reconsider his decision. The presence of Flora, however, seemed to instil fresh strength into the mind of the old Baronet. The possession of the documents, though they gave him no further power to sway the decision of a cruel law, enabled him to set at rest the question of identity.

It was, indeed, a long-lost son, his only child, whom he had clasped in his arms. It was his own child for whom he was battling. The name of the Carews would no longer be in danger of extinction. There was one source, however, of terrible anxiety in the minds of all. A week had passed, and no news had been received of Simon Shapcott. The beacon light in the cottage window had shone in vain. In vain had the straining eyes peered out through the darkness. In vain had Maria Shapcott and her children knelt night after night, and prayed for his return. It gave her hope, but it brought no positive result. The Laughing Nelly still remained invisible. The place at the fire still remained vacant. Again and again had Mrs. Shapcott applied at the castle, to learn if they had news of Simon. Poor woman! She thought, with the natural selfishness of love, that hers was the only sorrow. How much more keenly did these grieve who had saved one, as it were, from the dead, only to send him forth upon the perilous ocean! Anxious—grieved—perplexed as were all, however, it may readily be imagined that not one of them allowed the thought of a real catastrophe to enter their minds. There might have been delay—there might have been danger—there might even have been an accident. But the idea of any real catastrophe was too horrible to be entertained. Not one of them could bring themselves to believe that the fierce waves had swallowed up the young husband and wife in the first hours of happiness which had ever been theirs.

It was on the second night after Sir Mordaunt's return to London, that a man, whose torn clothes and scarred face plainly showed that he was the victim of some recent misfortune, made his way up the stone steps leading to the wooden house on the cliff. It was Simon Shapcott. He opened the door, and entered the room slowly. Wounded, scarred and pale as he was, Maria knew him.

"Oh, Simon!" she cried, throwing herself into his arms and sobbing. "So you have returned at last! But how did you come? Where is the Laughing Nelly?"

Simon shook his head.

"She's gone down deep into the sea," he said, with a choking voice. "You'll never see her again!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

A STORY OF MURDER.

Jasper Hawk eyed Constance le Morneaut curiously—searchingly—when she spoke of being able to accuse Bamfylde of murder.

"Murder!" he said. "That is a new phase of the question."

"It is; it settles the whole matter. We can obtain authority to seize upon him, even though he be in France."

"And whom did he murder?"

"An old man in Bedfordshire. Listen, and I will tell you how it happened. Down near the village of Houghton was a cottage inhabited by an old couple who had amassed a little money. This money had been gathered together, not in any miserly spirit, but for the sake of a little child. This child—a grandchild born of a young couple who had died suddenly during the prevalence of an epidemic—was a sweet little girl of some seven years of age when Bamfylde Carew and his crew of gipsy marauders came into the neighborhood of Houghton. The cottage was situated in a lonely and dreary spot. It would never have been chosen by any one as a habitation, had not the rent been so small. Isaac Ledburn was some eighty years of age. His wife, Margaret, was some few years younger. Both had the boasting habit which often belongs to age. When any one passed the cottage, and patted the head of the sunny-haired child, the old people would smile, and say with pride, 'Ah! and Little Daisy will not be penniless, either. Her grandfather has a little store for her, and she will be a lady—wont she?' As I said, the cottage was situated in a lonely spot. It was the heart of a wood—a miniature forest—in the midst of tall trees, which quite overshadowed the little road which led to it. Coming out of the high road, and passing along this narrow way, you might have thought yourself in the forests of Bohemia, so wild and unnatural everything seemed. It was one dark night that the gipsies surrounded the cottage."

Jasper Hawk looked up in surprise.

"Surrounded it!" he said. "Did they make a public affair of the murder, then?"

"No," returned Constance; "but they drew a living line, as it were, round the place, and every traveller who passed near was told the roadway was stopped."

"Rather a dangerous proceeding on their part," muttered Jasper.

"Perhaps; but, nevertheless, it was so. Wholesale robberies were committed there that night, and in their midst, as it were, this deadly crime. The old couple slept in a front bed-room, overlooking the highway and communicating with a little back room, in which slept little Daisy. In the dead of night, Bamfylde and four of his companions crept into the house and began rifling the chest in which the old man kept his gold. The old couple slept soundly. It was the child who heard them, and whose cries roused them. The scene which was discovered next morning told the remainder of the tale. The poor child and the old man were found dead, and weltering in blood. The old woman was still breathing, and was enabled to give a version, somewhat disconnected, of the story. According to her, she was aroused about midnight by the cries of the little girl, who was standing by the bedside in her night-dress. 'Oh, grandma!' she said, 'I am so frightened! There are men down stairs stealing the money.' The old woman roused her husband, who, old and feeble as he was, dressed himself partially and proceeded down stairs. It was on the second landing they were found dead. It was here that they were met by the ruffians, headed by Bamfylde, who struck the old man down with their bludgeons, and killed the child as she was clinging to his knees and striving to cover him with her little body. The old woman was driven back into her room by the villains, but they did not trouble themselves to finish her."

"Well, and how is Bamfylde connected with this murder?" asked Hawk.

"The old woman's description of the leader tallied so strongly with that of the White Gypsy, as they called him, that at the time he was seized and underwent an examination."

"So that he cannot be tried again?"

"Yes, he can: he was not acquitted, but liberated on his own recognizances, so that he can still undergo a trial if any fresh evidence is adduced."

"And is there any?"

"Yes; two gipsies, who were among those who surrounded the place, are prepared to swear that Bamfylde was the leader of the attack on the house, and that he went in with the rest. This, with the evidence of the old woman, will be sufficient to convict him. What think you of the story?"

Jasper Hawk drew a long breath. He seemed inwardly relieved, though at what it would be difficult to say.

"Well," he said, "it would be a very affecting story, and a very conclusive matter, were it true; but I don't believe a word of it."

Constance started. Her cheeks grew pale and red by turns.

"What?" she cried; "do you mean that I am telling a falsehood?"

Jasper Hawk waved his hands deprecatingly.

"By no means," he cried.

"What, then, do you intend?" said Mrs. Le Morneaut, with some petulance.

"I mean that you have been misled; that the story is one concocted by persons who have an interest in destroying this man; and that neither you nor I will obtain any credit or any advantage by pursuing the clue."

Constance smiled—a bitter, cruel smile of irony.

"I do not follow the clue for the sake of credit, or for the sake of advantage for myself. You know that I live only for revenge; that I will have if I perish in the attempt."

Jasper thought a moment.

"And how do you propose to proceed?" he said.

"I intend that you shall act upon this," she answered.

With these words, she drew from her bosom a letter, which she placed in his hands. He took it, and opened it with some curiosity. It was a letter from Henri le Morneaut. In it was contained a copy of a warrant which had been placed in the hands of Richard Dorrington, the Bow street runner. It was a warrant for the apprehension of Bamfylde, on a charge of murdering Isaac Ledburn. Jasper glanced at it in unfeigned astonishment.

"Well!" he said, "this is certainly a marvel. You play your cards well, madam, I must confess."

A triumphant smile crossed the lips of Mrs. Le Morneaut.

"I have so great an object in view," she said, "that you cannot wonder how eagerly I pursue the scent."

"And how do you wish me to act?"

"To-night or to-morrow, Richard Dorrington will arrive here and consult with me. You must accompany him to France, and assist him in the seizure of the criminal. You will find it easy; for although the French at the present moment are no friends of ours, they will not harbor a murderer. You will proceed, then, to France, seize him wherever you may find him, and arrange matters, if possible, so that his wife shall be left behind. You understand me?"

"I do," he said, thinking to himself, meanwhile, "What a thorough wretch this woman is! Her revenge, and her forethought in compassing it, is thoroughly diabolical."

Constance rose.

"I am going to my own room," she said; "if the officer comes, let him be sent to me."

She then quitted the room. Jasper Hawk also rose and paced to and fro. "This woman is a very devil!" he said. "I fancy she would cut my throat with her own hands, if she found it worth while. Somehow or another, I think she is deceiving me, though how I cannot imagine. In any case, I am bound to aid her for a certain time; after that time, why, then, we must see." With this vague resolution, he put on his hat and went out, giving instructions to the waiter that if any gentleman arrived that night, he was to be shown at once into Mrs. Le Morneaut's sitting-room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sharp Answer.—A noted stammerer, one day, when walking down the high street of the city of Exeter, observed a seafaring-looking man standing on the opposite side of the way with a gray parrot perched on his finger. He crossed over, and accosting the man, said:—"Is that p-p-p-p-p-parrot for sale?" "Yes," replied the man. "How m-m-m-m-much?" "A guinea," was the response. "C-c-c-can it sp-sp-sp-sp-speak?" "Yes," said the fellow, "a precious sight better than you can, or I'd chop his head off."

Got His Shirt Out.—Some years ago, a gentleman went into a druggist's shop, and when he had selected what he wanted, he told the boy in waiting to put the article down to Sir Charles Napier. The boy, who, being a new comer, knew not Sir Charles, started at the uncouth dress of his customer, and smartly asked:—"How am I to know you are Sir Charles Napier!" Sir Charles coolly thrust his hand into his trowsers, pulled out that part of his shirt on which his name was marked, and laughingly said to the boy, "There, my boy, will that satisfy you?"

A Pair of Ancient Conundrums.—Why was Samson the greatest actor that ever appeared on the stage? Because he *brought down the house* when the audience was composed entirely of his enemies. The same gentleman says that the reason why Jenkins is unlike a dog's tail is, that Jenkins keeps a carriage and the tail keeps a waggin'.

THE PUGILIST'S DREAM.

BY LA BONTE.

He was a slender, slightly-built young man, with feminine features, brilliant grey eyes, long dark hair, worn student fashion, and small, delicate feet and hands. He roomed near me, and just at daybreak I heard his knock at my door; admitted, he sat upon my bedside and told his dream in an excited, hurried manner, as though its memories were to him those of realities. Perhaps they were, for sometimes I am half inclined to put faith in that wierd, fanciful belief of "the two lives," the one waking, the other sleeping. Said he: I had been reading an account of the famous prize-fight between —— and ——, and as I was always passionately fond of exhibitions of physical courage, however displayed, the thrilling scene as depicted in the columns of the sporting journals intensely affected me. My sympathies too were all enlisted upon the side of the conquered pugilist, and when I laid by the journal and retired for the night, for a long time I was unable to sleep, tossing uneasily on my couch, feverish with the morbid, unhealthy excitement. At last I fell into a heavy though restless sleep, and dreamed. * * * * I was walking through a forest; around me arched magnificent trees, heavy with emerald foliage, musical with birds. The bright sunlight streamed down through the still pointed leaves, giving the velvet moss and pale wild flowers at my feet a dazzling golden hue. The "tinkling splash" of a cascade came softened by distance, chiming in with the bird songs and the chirping and humming of thousands of dainty insects far up in the branches of the trees.

Adown an avenue of the forest I descried a female form hastening to meet me. A woman; oh! how beautiful! with ivory shoulders and bosom, half-exposed, half-hidden by the falling masses of her queenly hair, clad in some wavy, mist-like raiment, which but heightened the loveliness of her charms.

This fair woman approached me, as I stood motionless with surprise and admiration, and in a clear, silver-toned voice, said:

"Fritz, dost thou know me?"

Blushing and stammering, I was endeavoring to answer, when, interrupting me with a smile, she continued:

"I am a fairy, and I have a mission for thee; wilt thou accept it?"

Somehow I blurted out a "Yes," and the fairy again spoke.

"Take this ring," said she; "wear it, its virtues you will soon discover."

And as she slipped the jewel upon my finger, she held up before my eyes a small, dazzling bright mirror. I gazed and saw—what do you imagine? True as I live, the very "ring" of the sporting journal; the crowd of spectators around it; the excited seconds; the cool judges and the stripped combatants, all clear as life. Only one of the principal actors was changed; instead of ——, the conquered champion's form, I beheld my own. Quick as lightning the thought of what I was to do flashed over me. The fairy smiled.

"Wilt thou accept?" said she.

"I will, so help——"

A sparkling laugh followed my half-spoken answer, and the fairy was gone.

With the ring—which was a mere, slender thread of gold, so finely drawn as scarcely to be visible—flashing on my finger, inspiring me with hope, courage, strength, and even a kind of dreamy desperation, like to that of a drunken man who loves danger from sheer recklessness, I returned home, penned an insulting challenge to the victorious pugilist, and caused its insertion in the sporting journal. "But the money," thought I, as I read my challenge the next day. "Where shall I obtain that?" and scarcely had the doubt been formed when a shower of bright gold pieces came jingling down upon the floor beside me. And now arose a new thought—"the training." "Go to the battle as you are," whispered a voice, which in an instant I knew for the fairy's, at my ear; and with a never-doubting faith in the ring, I went to the great city and to a notorious pugilist—one Herr Strykerr—an intimate friend of ——, the whipped champion. He eyed me superciliously, and I almost trembled as I surveyed his brawny form, and then my own slender frame.

"Have you challenged ——?" said he. "Are yer crazy? he'll kill yer with one lick."

A sudden resolution seized me. "Will you, sir," said I, "put on the gloves with me?"

The tall prize-fighter laughed as he tossed to me a pair of enormous padded gloves. In a minute our coats were off and we stood opposite each other, both on guard.

At this instant a new, strange force, external and all powerful, seemed to seize me. At a glance I saw through—just as one looks through the clear, transparent waters of a brook at the bright, pebbly bottom below—the whole "science of self-defence."

The pugilist, with easy confidence, made a pass at me, I returned the blow and he fell—knocked clean down. Astonished, he sprang up and made at me furiously; again I merely thrust out my arm and down he went.

"Who the devil are yer, anyway?" said he, recovering his feet; "I can't understand it!"

I came very near answering, "Neither can I."

"Come down to the crib," he continued, laying by the gloves, and down he went to the villainous pit, reeking of brandy, cigar smoke and a thousand other ill smells.

"Bob," said my conductor to a squarely-built man, who was giving a lesson in sparring, "Bob, put on the mits with this youngster, will yer?"

"Certainly," responded the gentleman addressed.

And in a few moments, as before, Bob and I, forming the centre of a ring of critical spectators, stood opposed to each other. Whiz went Bob's fist by my head.

"Strike—once, twice!" whispered the low voice at my ear.

Mechanically I put out my arm, and Bob went rolling over and over on the sawdust, to Herr Strykerr's intense gratification. For nearly fifteen minutes I had the pleasure of knocking down the boxing teacher as fast as he could rise. He then threw by the gloves in disgust, and I, turning to the spectators, asked: "If any other gentleman had a fancy for a bout?" No one replied. I then inquired "If no two could be found to stand against me?" At this a couple of large men stepped out, drew on the gloves, and at it we went. But it was of no use; by the power of the ring down they went, one after the other. They could not hit me, while the slightest stroke on my part knocked them over like tenpins, despite guard or counter.

I then returned with pugilist No. 1 to his apartments, and asked him if he was satisfied as to my science. He looked dubious.

"Perhaps you doubt my strength?" said I; and taking a heavy Indian club I shivered it across my knee.

Herr Strykerr actually jumped from his chair at this last crowning act of my prowess.

"Hooray!" shouted he. "We'll take the shine out o' —— yet! All yer want's a little training, and yer'd whip all h-ll!"

"I shall not go into training," said I.

"Yer wont?" returned Strykerr, opening his eyes with astonishment.

"No, sir," said I. "You will have the kindness to act as my friend, and after the battle you will receive one thousand dollars. Draw up the articles for the fight as you please. Here is my address, and a check on the B. Bank for what money is requisite."

Herr Strykerr performed his duties, and a day, six weeks' distant, was appointed for the encounter. As the time drew near, the excitement exceeded any ever before known. "Who is he?" "What is he?" and a thousand questions of like kind were on every tongue. My whereabouts was kept secret—even the champion had never seen the man with whom he was to engage. Herr Strykerr signed the articles for me as the "Fairy Pet." I had the satisfaction of seeing portraits of myself, represented as a giant in limb and an ogre in features, in every print shop in New York. The betting surpassed that on any previous combat, for, by the power of the ring, I supplied Strykerr and a few other pugilists with unlimited funds. The odds were at first 50 to 1 on the champion, but as the day approached they became nearly even. So much does mystery enhance power.

At last, in company with a celebrated prize fighter, to whom Strykerr had made me known, I started for the scene of combat. The train was crowded with fancy men bound on the same errand, but not one suspected me.

In the same car with me sat fifty or sixty men, who were eagerly talking over the matter.

Said one, "I know this Fairy Pet; he's an Irishman, seven feet tall, and can whip his weight in wild cats."

"You're out, Bill," returned another; "he's a little chunky feller, not four feet in his stampers, but quick as a monkey. He was a newsboy once."

Upon reaching the depot, Strykerr and a dozen other pugilists met me, and we rode out to the site of the coming battle. A small amphitheatre, grassy, and encircled by sparsely wooded slopes, had been selected, and now at least five thousand spectators crowded glade and hills.

"Two o'clock!" yelled the crowd, as we pushed our way up to the ropes, and the brawny champion with his seconds stepped into the ring.

He was naked from his waist up, and the immense muscles upon his breast, shoulders and arms, gleamed white and cold. I pitied the man, even while I feared him. But when he turned his brutal face, on which there lurked a smirking smile, and with a horrid oath, said, "Where's yer Fairy Pet?"—for as yet I stood among the crowd, protected from pushes and curses by Strykerr and his friends—all pity vanished; the power of the ring over me and for me seemed instantly exerted. I suddenly leaped the ropes, and sprang into the inner ring. My seconds followed.

A general yell of derision rose from the crowd.

"Hi! hi!" "Is that the man?" "See his kid gloves!" "Hurrah for the little 'un!" "A sell! a sell!" and innumerable blackguard jests at my expense went round. I said nothing, but, with my seconds' assistance, stripped to the buff, and now even they started back in terror and disappointment.

From the immense power and science that I had displayed at the crib, they had supposed that under my broadcloth frock I concealed muscles and sinews of steel; whereas, there I stood—thin, gaunt, poor in flesh, with puny arms.

The mighty crowd absolutely surged with excitement. "Kick him out!" "A rat! a rat!" and a thousand like cries, mingled with hoots and laughter, rose on every side.

The champion made a stride towards me. "You poor, miserable baby," he shouted, with a contemptuous motion of his great arm, as though about to throw me over his knee and inflict schoolmaster's punishment. But his friends restrained him. The preliminaries were speedily arranged; our seconds brought us forward, and the proud, strong gladiator, with fists hardened by a hundred conflicts, stood opposed to the slender stripling with his baby hands.

Still as death was the mighty throng around us. All expected to see me beaten down—a crushed, bloody thing, beneath the first great blow of the champion.

"Now, then, little 'un," said he, as he released his hand from mine, after the customary ceremony had been performed, "mind yer eye!" and with the words he threw himself into position—one brawny arm and hand guarding his face, the other slightly advanced ready to strike.

The bright thread of gold upon my finger flashed with a wierd, unearthly lustre as I raised my arms.

"One, two"—and the champion's fists flew harmlessly by my head. "Strike," whispered the clear voice at my ear. *I* did, and the champion of the world—the hero of the prize ring fell gasping at my feet.

A moment's silence, and a shout, loud as thunder, went up from the great crowd. Again and again it was taken up, and prolonged until the echoes far across the river flung it back.

The deed was unparalleled; and, as my opponent sat upon his second's knee, spitting out blood—his face white with rage and his eyes glaring at me as I stood perfectly quiet, awaiting the second round—I never heard a greater tumult than that about us.

"Ten to one on the Fairy Pet—Hooray for the Pet—Oh, the darlint; didn't he throw 'im cowld?—Was it a counter?—How the divil was it done?—Foul!—No!—Shame!—Fair!—Fair!—Time," and the champion, with a volley of curses, rushed at me. "Strike," said the low, silvery voice beside me. The ring gleamed bright before my face, as my right fist, seemingly changed for the moment to adamant, met the prize-fighter straight between the eyes. With a heavy "thud" he rolled, stunned and half-senseless, before me.

"Hurrah-ah!" The spectators were actually raving in a frenzy—a delirium of excitement. Those who had bet upon me fairly shrieked in their ecstacy, while the friends of the champion cursed in their disappointment. "Time," and my enemy, his ugly face already swollen, his mouth cut open by my first blow, his eyes blackened and his nose all bloodied by my second, again advanced. I had never left my position.

On this—the third round—the champion changed his tactics. Cautiously he approached. As he neared me, his clenched fists described quick, flashing circles before my eyes. I did not move mine. Some tremendous power held them still.

At last, with a sudden, savage spring upon me, he struck—once—twice—three times. His fists glanced from me like bullets from granite.

"Now," whispered the voice, and down came my hand. With a half-stifled shriek the pugilist sank at my feet. His seconds endeavored to raise him. In an instant one of them looked up—his face haggard and pale as death.

"He'll come to time no more," said he. "Look at this!"

I gazed down, and saw that the whole upper part of the champion's skull was crushed in—the brains oozing from the ghastly wound, half-choked with blood and matted hair. He was dead—and I awoke.

GOING UP IN A BALLOON.

There may be some of our readers who do not know the *modus operandi* of going up in a balloon, and these we propose to enlighten by here giving the following graphic account of an ascension made by M. Godard & Co.:—"M. Eugene Godard made an ascent at Cremorne Gardens, London, July 20th, in an enormous balloon of his own construction, which he styles 'The Eagle.' In this machine M. Godard discards gas, and goes back to the ordinary original Montgolfier balloon, which is commonly known as a 'fire balloon.' Last year M. Nadar's 'Giant' balloon was a subject of international interest, but the 'Eagle' far surpasses it in size, and the following statistics may not be uninteresting. It is 117ft. 7in. in height, 95ft. 9in. in circumference, 300ft. 6in. superficial, 30,000ft. in area, 2,005lbs in weight, 498,556ft. cubic contents. In the centre of the car is an 18ft. stove, including the chimney, 980lbs in weight; three cylinders, three inches apart from each other, invented by M. Godard with a view to counteract the effects of the radiated heat upon the occupants of the car. Inside the flue is a metal colander to intercept sparks. The combustible employed is rye straw cleaned from the ears and compressed into blocks. The total weight of the balloon (including the grappling iron cords, 400 pounds; two supplementary pumps, 150 pounds, and combustible, 500 pounds) is 4,620 pounds. The inflation only took 45 minutes, and M. Godard says that under favorable circumstances he can fill and start in less than half an hour. At a quarter to 8, the whole fabric stood up among the trees and poles of the ground, and the various ropes that held it to the earth were cut away one by one. M. Godard ran rapidly around the solid wicker car, shouting orders through a speaking trumpet with pardonable excitability. Two gentlemen took their places in the car, Mr. Prowse and an officer in the Guards, and a third heavy military gentleman leaped in, much against M. Godard's wishes. Many were left behind who had purchased seats, but who had doubts at the eleventh hour. The final rope was cut away, and the huge ball, half the height of the monument, rolled rather than rose toward the east side of the Gardens. Here it met a firm, lofty pole, to which some of its detaining ropes had been attached, and this pole was bent creaking on to the roof of a theatrical Swiss cottage, which broke like a piece of ornamental pastry. For a few seconds the balloon seemed to return to the Gardens, and to descend toward the grass, while the stokers were seen desperately throwing the small trusses of compressed straw into the mouth of the furnace. M. Godard raved through his trumpet, and the excitement caused several ladies to faint, and a large portion of the crowd to rush panic-stricken toward the hotel. In less than a minute, however, the Eagle had regained her buoyancy. One of M. Godard's companions gives the following account of the voyage:—'Let the reader imagine that he has been riding on the engine of an express train; let him then conceive that this engine, with the fire roaring in the furnace, has suddenly leapt into the air, and he will get some faint notion of the situation. There was not much wind, and the balloon, slowly rising, took its course to the south-eastward of London. At times, it seemed quite becalmed, and during these intervals of quiet, those who looked out over the panorama of London owned that the sight was well worth the risk. The red light glared out and was seen afar; the heat was almost painful, but neither among Englishmen nor Frenchmen was a murmur heard, as steadily, one after one, the trusses of straw were passed into the fire. At no time did the balloon ascend much above half a mile, and at no time did that ugly, roaring, crackling clamor cease! But M. Godard was bland and brave; his fellow-countrymen were courteous and courageous, and the Englishmen held their tongues. At length, after crossing and recrossing the river, it was determined to descend. Three times already had the balloon passed over the Thames, and when it was resolved to alight, M. Godard was over the Isle of Dogs. He had fixed his eye, however, upon the Greenwich marshes as an open space in which the descent could be safely attempted. Very nicely and skillfully calculated were his manœuvres. Traversing the Thames at an exceedingly low elevation, the balloon just grounded upon the shore, within a dozen yards of the water. Distinctly to understand the fierce excitement of the next three minutes, it should be borne in mind that the fire was still roaring merrily away; that the machinery, so admirable for its special purposes, would have caused sad havoc had there been anything like a general upset; and that at this particular moment six men could exert very little control over a balloon capable of containing four hundred and sixty thousand cubic feet of air. Touching the shore, the balloon tore away, the big canvas flopping, the bright fire burning, whilst right in front rose a stone embankment. The shocks were rough, and had the travellers been novices in this particular method of locomotion, we might now have some awkward casualties to relate. Just before each bump, however, the men made a little leap, and thus baulked its force, as a cricketer to catch a ball draws back his hand instead of protruding it. Still, with all these precautions, it was a nasty drive; it occupied perhaps a minute—it seemed half an hour—and there was a strong inclination to cheer when the threatening stones were passed. On now into a potato field; another rise; a wild tendency to leap at a chimney; a strong 'exhibition' of restraint in the shape of a hundred sensible Englishmen tugging away at the ropes, and obeying the orders that were given—and the whole thing was over.'"

Tricks of the Showman's Trade.—Lady giants, for instance, are always humbugs; they have long dresses made to trail on the floor of the caravan, in order to hide the erection on which they are mounted—viz., a pair of high sandals, with soles perhaps six or eight inches thick, on which they walk up and down the exhibition booth with great dignity; and with such aids it must be admitted that they do look rather tall. I remember even of a giantess who walked on short stilts; and on one of these going through a hole in the caravan, she bent forward in order to release it, and to the great horror of the spectators, broke her leg; but it only ended in an *expose* and a burst of laughter at the deception. As to exhibitions of mermaids, six-footed sheep, three-horned bulls, &c., I can honestly say, from personal experience, that most of them are shams. I knew of one show which was drawn from fair to fair by two oxen. It always arrived about midnight, so that nobody saw how it was propelled; and when I state that these very identical oxen, painted fantastically, one of them ornamented with an additional horn, and the other with an additional tail, formed the very prosperous and sole exhibition of the ingenious showman—my readers will see how they can be gulled. Even as I correct these sheets for the press, a paragraph is "going the round," explaining how a cattle-dealer had cheated the judges at the prize cattle-show, by putting false horns upon one of the prize animals, and otherwise ingeniously cooking it up for the show. Farmers, however, have not one-half the ingenuity of showmen, who can make any man's eye the fool of his other senses.

I knew a man who made a deal of money by exhibiting a few colored views of Windsor Castle through a magnifying glass at a penny per head. The shaved bear was the last remaining inhabitant of a menagerie. The proprietor saw that he was used up in the wild beast line, and so he had his old performing bear done up as a woman, clean shaved, and tied into a chair, and then announcing her as the celebrated pig-faced lady, recruited his finances, and so replenished his menagerie. In fact, there is no end to the trickery, and barefaced, although amusing robbery which is perpetrated by showmen and exhibitors. In the right hands anything will make a show. I have seen a more than ordinarily large egg (it was cut out of chalk and deftly spotted) exhibited in an English market town.

SAMPLING THE BEVERAGE.

Great Excitement on Pier 18, East River.

NOBODY KILLED, BUT SOME TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED.

It has been the practice at this port for many years to sample all cargoes of spirits, wines, cordials, &c., when landed from the vessels, and when still under the care and supervision of the Custom House inspectors, gaugers, and markers. This system of sampling included not only the officials and their friends and subordinates, but liquor brokers, clerks, carmen, stevedores and their men, of all grades and conditions, white and black, high and low, the ragamuffin, the well dressed, dock loafers, and indeed every individual who could muster a bottle, a demijohn, a jug, cup or pail, and felt so disposed, would wend his way to the unfortunate ship which was the object of his solicitude, and as the pipes, half pipes, barrels and casks came over the sides, and the bungs were started by the ganger or marker, a general rush would be made for the much coveted fluid, and each anxious individual was bound to have his sample, and he "went in" to win, live or die; he must have a nip of the "critter," and he did have it. In vain would the importer or his clerk plead for quarters, and ask these industrious gentlemen to hold up. They were compelled to submit to the assaults of the crowd of thirsty samplers, and any protest from them was unheeded, and the operation went on with increased fury until relief came at last in the shape of a stringent order from the Deputy Surveyor of the Port, wherein he states that the officers under his immediate control will be held strictly "responsible" for their conduct in the matter of sampling. The effect of this terrible bombshell upon the "unterrified" may be more easily imagined than described. The brigade of samplers were astonished at the audacity of the incorruptible Deputy Surveyor. At one single stroke of his official pen he had destroyed all their hopes of untold profits so easily obtained. A bombardment of all the batteries in General Grant's combined armies would not have created greater consternation in the ranks of the thirsty samplers. Such unutterable looks and gestures! One looked at the other, and a veteran in the service struck a patriotic attitude, and said he was for suppressing the rebellion, and announced his determination to stand by the soldiers, and if it required some hard drinking to whip old Jeff's army he was willing to pay for *his* liquor. This sentiment received some applause from outsiders, but the heavy man of the marking pot "couldn't see it." The excitement was now intense and fears were entertained that some damage would be the result. Skirmishers were all ordered to the post of danger. Sentinels were stationed at all weak points, and preparations made for a grand assault all along the lines. The Lieutenant maintained his usual firmness, but looked wicked things. Thus matters stood, while wantage rod and marking pot held a brief parley which was to decide the fate of the samplers. Excitement was on tip-toe. At this stage of the battle, rumors were current of unexpected disasters, but they were not confirmed. The parley between the high representatives of the hostile forces was most fortunate. An armistice was agreed upon and duly signed by those distinguished and loyal officials, and the happy consequence was, the entire force adjourned to meet at their mutual friend's, at the head of Pier 18, where a cordial reconciliation took place, and the well-known host served up to a numerous company the best that the market affords in the form of liquids.

Thus ended one of the most amusing incidents that it has been our lot to witness along shore for many years. The sequel will prove that while the samplers have lost a part of their profitable employment, they have gained some experience and a valuable lesson. The importers have been taught that their true interests require them to make their grievances known at the proper place and they will not go unheeded.

Although the army of samplers have, in this instance, sustained an unlooked-for repulse, they need not despair, but take courage, repair damages, wait a little and drum up recruits, and get ready for another desperate and final conflict. It is not the first time that this class of the *chevalier de industrie* have been called on to battle for their gin and old Jamaica. Rum will yet win the race. The samplers, old and young, black and white, high and low, bond and free, ring, streaked, and speckled, rag tag and bob tail, will stand firm, for they believe their cause is just in rum, and gin is their trust, and "damned be he who first cries hold, enough."

AN AMERICAN SPORT ON HIS TRAVELS.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT THE BENICIA BOY—HE KNOWS WHO DRUGGED HIM, BUT WILL NOT TELL—UNSWORTH AND EUGENE—"THE MENKEN"—COBURN, ETC.

One of our sporting friends abroad, now travelling for the benefit of his health, writes us the following interesting letter concerning his movements on the Continent of Europe, and as it contains some new developments concerning John C. Heenan, gleaned from a reliable source, we know that his letter will attract no little attention as another link in the evidence of the poisoning of the Benicia Boy before he went into the ring to fight Tom King.

No. 6 West Parade, Rhyl, Wales, August 5, 1864.

Friend Queen—After a very agreeable passage across the Atlantic I arrived in Germany on the 30th of June, and underwent the treatment of a renowned physician, which was sufficiently severe to test the strength of an animal, much less a human being, but am happy to say that it resulted in my complete recovery......I next proceeded to London, and arrived in the Great Metropolis on the 17th of July, where I paid a visit to Nat Langham's, Owen Swift's, and all the prominent sporting houses. I also called upon Bates, the hair dresser, a personal friend of Heenan's, and at one time a famous New York sport. I was informed that Heenan was out of town, and had gone to Baden-Baden to recruit his health. I also made inquiries, and found that two days previous to the fight Heenan was in excellent condition and with his trainer. The fact is generally understood among his most intimate friends that *Heenan was drugged while on a visit to a friend, and is aware who the perpetrator is, but will not divulge the circumstance*......While on a visit to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, to my surprise, who should I find in a sixpenny show but Unsworth and Eugene performing. It was a regular dead beat. "Where are we now?" as the expression goes. The evening of the same day I looked in at the Oxford Concert Hall, and just as I got seated, my eyes again met the same party on the stage. Here they seem to command high favor from the audience, but at the Palace very few patronized them, as it was a regular one horse show......After sojourning ten days in London, during which time I saw Miss Menken riding out in Hyde Park on three or four different occasions, I proceeded to Liverpool and called upon Joe Coburn—he is residing at Walsh's public house on the corner of Preston and Paradise streets. He had just arrived from Ireland, and we indulged in a couple of bottles of wine. Joe looks hale and hearty, *and is confident of winning*..... I am now at the sea side in Rhyl, in North Wales, and enjoying every available luxury. What with donkey riding, sea bathing, and frequent excursions round the country to places of note, I have a good time......In Wales there are innumerable ruins of castles, cathedrals, etc., and the most enchanting scenery I have ever witnessed since my departure from New York......I expect to be home again about the 12th of September.

Yours most truly, F. B.

SHO!

An Alliterative Romance.

Sam Stubbs strolled slowly, surveying sunset's serene splendors. Sombre shades solemnly surrounded sylvan scenes. Sweet songsters softly sung silvery strains. Stillness seemed stepping stocking-shod skyward, stifling sound, soothing scene, suggesting sentiment, stifling strife, silencing sorrowing suffering. Sleep seemed stealthily stealing sluggish souls. Sam Stubbs seemed sad. Sam Stubbs sighed! So simoons sweeping savagely southward sometimes sigh. Sam Stubbs sighed sonorously. Still Sam sauntered silently, seemingly subdued, softened, seraphized. Sam's soft susceptibility surrendered sometime since (so sundry sage spinsters say). Seraphina Stiggins saw something sufficiently sapient. So surely Sam Stubbs sought Seraphina Stiggins. Sam's steps squashed snowdrops, sowbugs, sorrel. Striped snakes stung Sam's stout soles. Sparrows snugly settled, shrunk suspiciously, seeing Sam's stupendous strides. Still Sam sauntered silently. Suddenly somebody shrieked "*Samuel Stubbs!*" Sam staggered, said "*scissors!*" stopped, surveyed surrounding space, spied Seraphina sitting solus, simpering sweetly. So Sam stammered, "Servant Seraphina." She seemed sentimentally satisfied. So Sam seeing Seraphina's suavity, said "slick sunset." Seraphina said "splendid, sweet." Somehow speech seemed scarce. Sam's syntax sloped. Seraphina's silvery syllables scampered shamefully. So sitting silently, Sam stroked Sam's shins. Seraphine stroked Seraphina's seven-shilling silk. Stupid silence! Seraphina sighed. So Sam Stubbs sighed. Soon she said solemnly, "Surely, sentimental souls seek sympathy; surely, Samuel, sadness sometimes steeps sympathetic souls." Sam's speech surely staid somewhere. Sam stuttered, sputtered, stammered. Sam said "*Sho!*" Shakespearian shades! See Seraphina starting suddenly, standing scornfully, scanning Sam's sprawling symmetry. She sibillated. "Stupid simpleton! shabby, sheep-stealing sneaking sniveller! subservient subaltern! Sooner shall Seraphina Stiggins seek scanty subsistence scrubbing sinks; sooner scour small-sized stoves; sooner skin snakes, steal steamboats, swallow shinstamps; sooner sweep streets, sew shoes, split sails; sooner shingle shops, sell shaving strops; sooner—sooner—soo—" Seraphina stopped snivelling scornfully. Some single souls see some slight severity sprinkling Seraphina's speech. Should such scornfully survey Sam's sin? Sam said "*Sho!*"

Since Sam's slip seventeen summers soluted submissive sublunarians. Snow, sleet, sorrow, sin, several saddened smiling souls. Sunshine, sunbeams. Summer showers, strewed sustaining sweetness, soothing sorrow. Sh! speak softly. Sam Stubbs' sofa supports Seraphina *Stubbs!*

The Trigger at Covington, Ky.—A shooting match for $25 a side, at 25 birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1⅛ oz. of shot, came off there on the 6th inst., between Frank Berte and Jonathan Hodgett, both Covingtonians, the loser to pay all expenses. It resulted in Berte's favor, who killed 22 birds to his opponent's 17, as per the following score:

Berte.....1111111111011111011110111—22.

Hodgett..1011100110101111101011011—17.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

JOHN ANDERSON.—We are not at present so situated as to give personal instruction in the game.

JAMES C. WARNER, Philadelphia.—The letter from Bristol came promptly to hand. Thanks for the news, which promises something fresh. Sorry we have no "photo." with which to return your compliment.

ERRATA.—In game No. 440 the 25th move of the Attack *should have read* instead of *K* B to his 5th, *Q B to his 5th*; and move 30 *should have been* Q B to *K*t 6th—not K 6th.

Items.

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. BON is about to visit England.

CHESS seems never to have been so flourishing in Holland as at the present time. Herr G. Dufresne is the first player.

THE RHENISH CHESS ASSOCIATION holds its 4th Congress at Dusseldorf on the 28th and 29th inst.

GEO. W. MEDLEY, Esq., still holds his own in the great Tourney of the London Chess Club; not yet having lost a single game. Mr. Chinnery bids fair to take the 2d prize.

GENOA is now the centre of Italian chess. Its club is frequented by such players as the Chevalier de St. Bon, Signor Centurini, Herr Oppenheim, &c.

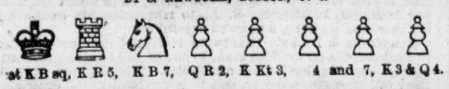
HERREN ANDERSSEN AND NEUMANN have contested a long and interesting series of games at Breslau. The result stood:—Drawn, 9; Herr N. 32; Herr A. 37.

OUR FINE GAME No. 431 has been republished in the London *Era*, with full credit.

Enigma No. 443.

From Bell's Life. Fine and difficult.

BY S. NEWCOMB, BOSTON, U. S.



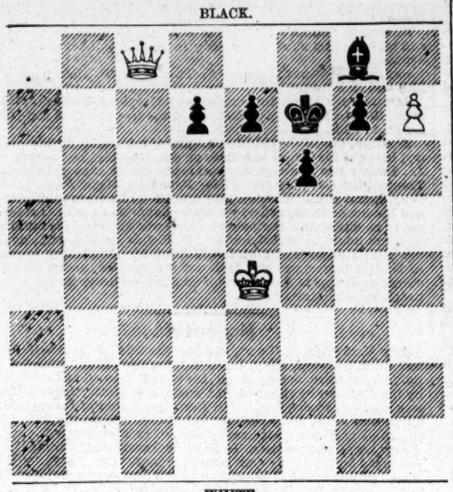
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 443.

Arranged from Play and Dedicated to Beginners.

BY A. Z. HUGGINS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 443.

Played some years since at Harvard University between an Amateur and our contributor, Dr. C.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack, Mr. N—.	Defence, Dr. C—.	Attack, Mr. N—.	Defence, Dr. C—.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	15. K B to B 4	P to Q 3
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16. Q R-K sq	Q B-Q 2
3. K B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	17. P-Q Kt 4	Q B-K sq
4. P-Q 3	K B-B 4	18. Q-K Kt 4	P-K R 4
5. Q B-Kt 5	P-K R 3	19. Q-K B 5	Q B-Q 2
6. Q B × Kt	Q × Q B	20. Q-K Kt 6	K B-Kt 3
7. Q Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	21. P-Q R 4	K-Q B 2
8. Q Kt-Q 5	Q-her 3	22. P-Q R 5	P-K Kt 5
9. Castles	P-K B 4	23. R P × B +	R P × P
10. P-K R 3	P-K B 5	24. R P × P	R P × P
11. K Kt-R 2	Q Kt-K 2	25. P-K Kt 3	P-K B 6
12. Q Kt × Kt	Q × Q Kt	26. Kt × Kt P	K R-his 6
13. P-Q B 3	P-Q B 3	27. Kt-K B 6	Q B-R sq, and the Defence wins.
14. Q-K R 5 +	K-Q sq		

Game recently contested in Philadelphia between Mr. G. Reichheim and P. Ware, Jr., of Boston.—*Forney's Press.*

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

G. Reichheim.	P. Ware, Jr.	G. Reichheim.	P. Ware, Jr.
1. P to K 4	P to Q B 4	18. P to Q B 4	P to K B 4
2. P-Q 4	B P × P	19. K B-B 3	K R-B 2
3. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	20. K R-his 3	P-K R 3
4. K Kt × P	P-Q R 3 (*)	21. Q-K R 5	Kt P × P
5. Q B-K 3	P-K 3	22. K B × P	K Kt-Q 4
6. K B-Q 3	P-Q Kt 4	23. K B × Kt	B P × B
7. K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt	24. Q-K Kt 6	K-his R sq
8. Castles (a)	Q B-Kt 2	25. R-Q B sq	R-Q B sq
9. Q Kt-B 3	K B-Q 3	26. K R-Q B 3	Q B-his 3
10. P-K B 4	K Kt-K 2	27. P-K Kt 4 (e)	K-Kt sq
11. P-K 5	K B-B 2	28. P-K Kt 5	P-Q 5
12. Q Kt-K 4	K Kt-Q 4 (b)	29. K R-his 3	Q B-K 5
13. Q B-his 5	Q-her 2	30. R × R P (f)	Q R × R +
14. Kt-Q 6 +	K B × Kt	31. K-his B 2	Q R-B 7 +
15. Q B × B (c)	P-K B 3 (d)	32. K-Kt 3	R-Kt 7 +
16. Q-K 2	K Kt-K 2	33. K-his R 3	R-K 2 (g)
17. Q R-Q sq	Castles, K R	34. Attack mates in 4 moves.	

(*a*) The Attack has already acquired a great superiority of position.

(*b*) Indiscreet; it allows his adversary for some time to hinder him from castling.

(*c*) In an off-hand game like the present, the proffered sacrifice of the exchange, owing to his superiority of position, was a fair venture.

(*d*) If the Defence could find no better move than this, he ought certainly to have played Kt to K 6th.

(*e*) Boldly played! The situation now becomes critical for both players. The Attack on this move might have won a piece by R × B, &c., but, as in so doing he would have exposed himself to a perpetual (ch.), he wisely preferred the move in the text.

(*f*) This daring sacrifice is of a very high order. Had he paused to exchange Rooks, he would, probably, have lost instead of winning the game. His present play secures the victory.

(*g*) He cannot elude the impending mate.

(*) See game No. 439, in which, with the same opening only in a little different order, Mr. Elder shows K Kt to B 3d the proper move here; and in other respects manages the Defence in a manner far superior to the present *partie*. The Attack of this game, however, is very fine throughout.—[ED.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

Attention! Draught Players.

THE Draught Players of this city and vicinity are requested to meet in the Reading Room of the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., at 8 P. M., for the purpose of forming a Draught Club. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

To Correspondents.

L. H. MARSH, Boston.—Solution of first Problem, O. K.; but you have forwarded *another*, liable to the same objection. *Once more*; let *all* Problems be accompanied with their solutions. We can undoubtedly *solve* your compositions, but let us know "what you propose to do."

B. H. WEBSTER.—"In playing the game of Chequers, am I compelled to jump a man from the King row when I have other pieces to move?".....Certainly—if you have no other piece that can jump; if you have, take your choice.

M. L. B., Fair Haven, Mass.—Thanks for Positions. Will examine them with much pleasure; also, the game referred to, and give our decision are long.

A. T. CRANE, Jersey City.—The match between Wylie and McKerrow was played in June, 1862, at Glasgow. The score stood at the close, Wylie, 9; McKerrow, 2; Drawn, 13. Thirty games were to have been played, but McKerrow resigned at the close of the 24th game.

J. MCINTOSH, New York.—You are in error about Drummond playing Wylie. After Wylie beat McKerrow, he issued the following "card:"

To the Editor of the Scottish Banner:

71 GLASSFORD STREET, GLASGOW, July 3d, 1862.

Understanding that Mr. Drummond wished to play the winner of the match now finished between Mr. John McKerrow and myself, I shall be happy to test his strength at Draughts; and in order to give him every advantage, I allow him to name the time, place, amount of money, and the number of games to be played.

Your obedient servant, JAMES WYLIE.

Mr. Drummond never accepted the challenge.

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. MCINTOSH AND J. MCGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.			White—J. McG.		
1..11	to	15	22	to	18
2..15		22	25		18
3.. 8		11			

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.			White—J. McI.		
1..11	to	15	22	to	18

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..15	to	10	19 to 15	9.. 3	to	7	24 to 20
2..10		7	15 8	10.. 7		16	20 24
3.. 7		3	8 11	11..10		15	24 20
4..22		26	11 16	12..15		18	20 24
5..18		23	16 20	13..18		22	24 20
6..23		19	20 24	14..22		26	20 24
7..19		16	24 20	15..26		31	24 20
8..16		11	20 24	16..31		27 and wins.	

Game No. 21--Vol. XII.

TWENTY-SECOND GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Martins, Black.			Wylie, White.			Martins, Black.			Wylie, White.		
1..11	to	15	23	to	18	13..15	to	24	28	to	19
2.. 8		11	26		23	14.. 6		9	17		14
3.. 4		8(a)	24		19	15.. 9		18	23		14
4..15		24	28		19	16..10		17	21		14
5..11		16	22		17	17.. 7		10	14		7
6.. 9		14	18		9	18.. 2		11	29		25
7.. 5		14	25		22	19.. 3		7	27		23
8.. 8		11	30(b)		26	20.. 7		10	23		18
9..16		20	22		18	21..11		16	18		15
10.. 1		5	18		9	22..16		28	15		6
11.. 6		22	26		17	23..23		27	31		24
12..11		15	32		28	24..20		27	Drawn.		

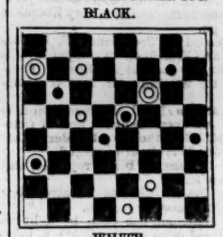
(*a*) The variation. No author treats of this move, but the A. D. P. makes the move attempting to show a draw, and fails, as White wins.

(*b*) A good move.

Position No. 19, Vol. XII.

BY GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

BLACK.



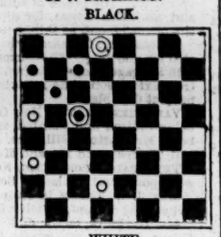
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw.

BALL PLAY.

TYPOS VS. SCISSORITES.

A match of the most striking character, and one that we could see no great catch in, came off on the corner of Spruce and Nassau streets last week, one innings having been played each day. As most of the scoring was done at the Musty Ale depot, we are unable to give more than the following items in regard to the play of the Typos:—

Home runs—several by each.
Struck out—All hands.
Hands lost—A week's wages.
Balls taken—Sundry, by each player, at the Pewter Mug.
Balls passed—Very few. In this respect their play was superb.
Run out—Of their own accord, all of 'em.
Time of game—Still an open question.
Umpire—NEW YORK CLIPPER.

As the game stands at present the Scissorites have a little the best of it, as the Typos cant stand Greeley's pitching, which, by the way, they deem unfair, and opposed to the rules of the Union.

RESULT OF EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Typos	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.	.	—00
Scissorites	0	0	0	0	0	0	½	.	.	—½

The Scissors don't seem inclined to come to—terms—although, anomalous as it may seem, they are disposed to cut it—the Union.

MUTUAL VS. EXCELSIOR.

A QUICKLY PLAYED FLY GAME.

The Mutual club of New York and the Excelsior of Brooklyn, opposed each other for the first time, on Wednesday, Aug. 17th, at Hoboken, the game being played according to the fly rule, as have all the matches of the Excelsiors this season. Both clubs were strongly represented, but the Mutuals had the benefit of having their men more advantageously placed than the Excelsiors, the result of the play in the majority of the innings showing that Whiting, Fletcher, Patchen and Flanly would have been better placed if they had changed positions. The match, however, proved to be very interesting, as it was, and the nearest approach the Excelsiors have made to their play in 1860 was in the early part of this game. The Excelsiors went to the bat first, Harry Brainard being the first striker and the first victim; he was well put out at 1st base by Devyr and Goldie. Then began as pretty a display of batting as we have seen the Excelsiors make for years past. They did not hit high long balls, but low ones, out of reach, and such as easily secured them their bases, the result being a well obtained score of four runs, the two outs being "Howard"—not he of the *Times*—and Flanly, the former being captured at home base, from an ill judged effort to get his run, and the latter handsomely caught on the fly by Zeller. The Mutuals then went to the bat, McMahon hitting a swift line ball towards second base, which Harry Brainard held in old Excelsior style, the catch eliciting applause from all present. Devyr followed with a short ball to Jerome, which the latter stopped well, and if he had not have fallen—the ground being slippery—another out would have been recorded; as it was, Devyr barely secured his base. Zeller was the next striker, and he hit a short ball to Jerome, on which Devyr could easily have been put out, but Jerome threw the ball over Harry Brainard's head; fortunately, Fletcher was backing up well, and securing the ball rapidly, returned it to Harry at second base in time to cut Devyr off, Zeller in the meantime securing his first base. Not being aware of Joe "Howard's" ability to throw swiftly, he thought he would try and make his second base, but the ball was sent to Harry by Howard like a rifle shot, and it being beautifully held at second, Zeller was forced into retirement, thus closing the innings. It was now evident that the Excelsiors were in fine trim for play and earnestly bent on victory if it was possible to be obtained by fair and honorable means, and the Mutuals fully realized the fact, being also a little astonished at the fine display of their opponents in both departments of the game. Joe Patchen opened play in the second innings, but was finely caught on a foul fly by Ward back of third base. A. Brainard then gave Brown an easy chance for a fly catch, but Brown dropped the ball and also failed to handle it in time to put out Acey at first base, although it was "a close thing" in the opinion of the majority; but we were pleased to see the umpire—Matty O'Brien—decide the player "not out," the ball not having been held on the base *before* the striker reached it, in which case the rule expressly states that he is not out. Harry Brainard, Clyne, and "Howard" followed with good hits, each eventually securing their runs, as did A. Brainard, Fletcher being a victim of Ward's and Goldie's at first base, and Jerome one of Ward's from a well taken foul fly, Whiting having previously secured his base and his run from an overthrown ball to 1st base by Devyr, Ward closing the innings by a well-taken foul fly catch. Nine to nothing was now the reply of the scorers to anxious inquirers, and the Mutuals began to look serious though not despondent. Ward began play on the Mutual side, and by a rather wild throw of H. Brainard's to Clyne, secured his base; Goldie followed with a fine hit to left field, and Brown with another to the right, Patterson then giving Fletcher a chance for a fly catch which he tried well for, but being too slow a runner, he was unable to reach it, and Patterson secured his base. Harris followed with a good hit, which gave him his base, and Patterson his run, all the others previously securing their runs, a passed ball letting in Goldie and Brown. Mott, McMahon and Devyr were then put out in succession, Harry Brainard securing the two former and Clyne the latter, both these fielders doing their duty thoroughly and in handsome style throughout the game. By this time the Mutuals had begun to get the range of Brainard's pitching, and not only that, but a sprinkle of rain having wet the ground again, the ball was too moist to be held in command sufficient to impart the requisite bias to it, much of the effectiveness of Acey's pitching being thereby destroyed. Flanly opened the play in the third innings, by giving a chance for a foul fly to Harris, which was well taken. Patchen then secured his base by a good hit, but before he could get to his third, Acey had been put out at first base, and Harry on the fly, Devyr making a beautiful catch of the swiftly hit ball Harry sent him. First blank for the Excelsiors was the result, and they went into the field to return the compliment, and it would have been done handsomely had Patchen held the ball on the fly he so creditably tried for, but though he missed the catch and a chance for a double play thereby, he passed the ball to Harry in time to cut off Zeller at second base, Ward in the interim securing his first base. Goldie, however, came to the rescue in time, and by a very fine hit to centre field secured a clear home run, sending in Ward before him, a well taken foul bound by Acey Brainard closing the innings, the totals being 9 to 6 in favor of the Excelsiors. Up to this time the play of the Excelsiors, with two or three exceptions, had been equal to the highest mark they have made since 1860. Indeed, in no game this season, with the exception of the Nassau and Atlantic match, have we seen a better display of the kind than they made in the first three innings. But from some cause or other they afterwards fell back to their style of play of the past season or two, thereby losing all the advantage they had previously so creditably obtained. Clyne began the fourth innings, and secured his first base, and eventually his run. "Howard" also secured his first base, but on being freed from his base by Whiting, was "run out" between first and second, Fletcher having previously been well taken on the fly by Patterson, Whiting and Howard being the veterans of the double play made by Brown and Goldie, one run only being the result of the inning's play. Patterson opened on the part of the Mutuals, sending a swift right into the hands of Whiting, but he failed to hold it. This was the first chance lost in this innings. Harris then secured his base by a good hit, after which Harris "struck out," the balls he failed to hit being held close behind the bat in Joe "Howard's" peculiar style, a style, by the way, that rather astonished the Hoboken crowd. McMahon then hit a ball which ought to have put him out at 1st base, but Clyne for once failed to hold it, this being the second chance missed. But for these vital errors not a run would have been scored; as it was, however, a fine hit by Devyr gave Patterson and Harris their runs, and the splendid hit of Zeller's to centre field, on which he made a clean home run, gave McMahon and Devyr their runs, the totals at this time standing 11 to 10 in favor of the Mutuals, a creditable pull up on their part with such a lead against them in the beginning. After this the Mutuals began to hit the balls with confidence where they liked, six more runs being added to their score before the innings terminated, the totals at the close being 17 to 10 in their favor, eleven runs being tacked on to their tally in this innings. A pending storm of rain was now rapidly approaching, and all due haste was made to close the 5th innings, the Excelsiors playing fairly up to the mark like honorable players as they are. The fine fielding of the Mutuals in the 5th innings resulted in the Excelsiors drawing a second blank, leaving their total score at 10, while the Mutuals by good batting and some more loose fielding on the part of their opponents, added 4 runs to their previous score, a wall taken fly catch by Flanly being the most noteworthy instance of the good fielding on the Excelsior side. The totals were now 21 to 10 against the Excelsiors, but yet with clear weather they might have lessened this difference considerably, but the innings had scarcely terminated when the rain came down in torrents, at once ending the game and further play for day, the victory of course remaining with the Mutuals. At the club house the Excelsiors were hospitably entertained and the Mutuals congratulated upon their well earned victory. The duties of umpire were never more ably or impartially discharged than on this occasion by Matty O'Brien. We were especially pleased to see him call strikes on the batsmen when they failed to hit at fair balls when players were running their bases. This is something umpires have been altogether too lax in attending to. This fly game proved to be the quickest game of the season, and a contest likely to make that game a favorite with all but the Amateur and Muffin fraternity. It is unnecessary to remark that the conduct of both parties on the field was all that could have been desired and a model to any club in the country. The return match on the Excelsior grounds will be one of the most interesting of the season, and will attract an immense assemblage of spectators. We append the full score:—

BATTING.

EXCELSIOR.	H.	L.	R.	MUTUAL.	H.	L.	R.
H Brainard, 2d b	2		1	McMahon, c	4		1
Clyne, 1st b	0		3	Devyr, s s	3		1
Howard, c	2		1	Zeller, l f	4		1
Fletcher, r f	2		1	Ward, 3d b	1		3
Whiting, 3d b	1		2	Goldie, 1st b	0		4
Jerome, s s	2		1	Brown, 2d b	1		3
Flanly, l f	3		0	Patterson, c f	0		4
J Patchen, c f	1		0	Harris, p	0		3
A Brainard, p	2		1	Mott, r f	2		1
Total	10			Total	21		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Excelsior	4	5	0	1	0	.	.	.	.	—10
Mutual	0	4	2	11	4	.	.	.	.	—21

Umpire—Mr. O'Brien, of the Atlantic club.
Scorers—Messrs. Holt and Dougan.
Passed balls—McMahon, 4; Leggett, 1.
Home runs—Goldie, 1; Zeller, 1.
Struck out—Mott, 1.
Fly catches made—Ward, 3; Zeller, 2; Devyr, 1; Patterson, 1; Harris, 1—total, 8. H. Brainard, 2; Flanly, 1; Howard, 1—total, 4.
Catches missed—J Patchen, 2; Howard, 1; Fletcher, 1; Whiting, 1; Jerome, 1; McMahon, 2.
Put out on bases—Excelsiors, 5 times; Mutuals, 6 times.
Put out on foul balls—Excelsiors, 3 times; Mutuals, 5 times.
Run out—Howard, by Brown; A. Brainard, by Goldie.
Double plays made—by Brown and Goldie.
Left on bases—Devyr, 2; Zeller, 1; Ward, 1; Harris, 1; Mott, 1; Patchen, 2.
Time of game—one hour and five minutes.

GRAND JUNIOR PRIZE MATCH.—A match was played on the Capitoline Ball Ground, Bedford, on Thursday, Aug. 11th, between nines selected from the McClellans and Burnside vs. Carroll and Ironside Clubs, for a prize ball, which resulted in favor of the McClellan and Burnside by a score of 69 to 30 in a full game of nine innings. The ball was awarded to the McClellan Club as making the greatest number of runs. The number of fly catches made was 26; put out on the 1st base, 11; 3d base, 4; on foul balls, 13; home runs were made by Kenney and Forman. Mr. Bleecker, of the Enterprise Club, acted as umpire. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

MCCLELLAN & BURNSIDE.	H.	L.	R.	CARROLL & IRONSIDE.	H.	L.	R.
Cook, 3d b	2		8	Hedges, l f	1		5
A McKnight, l f	5		6	Dixon, 2d b	2		4
Burke, p	1		9	Wilcox, c	1		5
Conlin, 2d b	3		6	Neefus, p	2		3
McCaffrey, c f	5		5	Richards, s s	3		2
Clark, c	1		7	Bass, 3d b	4		2
Secor, 1st b	3		7	Hammitt, 1st b	3		3
W McKnight, s s	2		8	Bokel, c f	3		3
Kenney, r s	2		7	Goodwin, r f	4		2
Forman, r f	3		6	Sachell, r s	4		1
Total	69			Total	30		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
McC. & B	3	6	22	9	3	16	4	4	2	—69
C. & I	3	6	8	0	2	3	3	4	1	—30

Scorer for McClellan, etc.—John Kenny. Scorer for Carroll, etc.—Wm. Magoffin.
Time of game—3 hours and 45 minutes.

BASE BALL, NEWARK, N. J.—In a match game of ball played at Newark on the 4th inst., between the Atlantic and Newark Jrs., the Atlantic were the victors, by the following score:—

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.	NEWARK.	H.	L.	R.
Riker, s s	5		2	Bradley, p	3		2
Vanortwick, l f	2		4	Cozans, c	3		1
Oliver 2d b	3		4	Andruss, 1st b	5		1
Ford, p	2		4	Sharadin, 2d b	2		3
Mede, r f	3		3	Dunanes, 3d b	1		2
Rodgers, 1st b	3		4	Crane, s s	5		0
Smith, 3d b	2		4	Ditmars, l f	5		1
Williams, c	1		2	Heinish, r f	3		2
Thompson, c f	6		0	Sisserew, c f	2		3
Total	27			Total	15		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	3	0	4	5	6	0	4	4	1	—27
Newark	2	2	0	2	1	1	4	3	0	—15

Umpire—Mr. Baker, of the Union Club.
Time of game—2¼ hours.

BASE BALL AT ALBANY.—The Eagle and Live Oak clubs played a match on the 15th inst., on the island opposite the city. After a closely contested game, in which good batting was the feature, the Eagle club won by two runs. The totals were—Eagle, 41; Live Oak, 39.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

THE COBURN-MACE CAMPAIGN.

So far as the English sporting newspapers are concerned, we are enlightened almost nothing in regard to the progress of this great pugilistic event, or the whereabouts or whatabouts of the men; and although the CLIPPER is three thousand miles from the battle ground, it is enabled to give more live and original news than all of them put together. The *Sporting Life* of Aug. 6th says:

"We stated in our last edition that these men had staked another £50 a side, since which time we have heard nothing fresh worthy of notice. Both men, however, are in good health, and taking every precaution as regards diet to get into proper order to commence training. The next deposit has to be staked on Tuesday, August 16.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.—A. MARSDEN AND JOE WORMALD.—The sixth deposit, of £5 a side, was staked, according to articles, on Thursday evening, Aug. 4, at Bos Tyler's, Whitechapel, and the next deposit, of £5 a side, has to be forthcoming on Aug. 11, at Bob Travers', Leicester square, between the hours of eight and ten. We have seen Wormald, and he expressed his surprise and regret that any conduct of his should have given rise to the supposition that he was about to forfeit. He, however, assures us that, as he is now in a position of great prominence, he will not for the future give any chances away of being talked about.

Sporting Life, Aug. 6.

THE CLUBBERS AT WORK AMONG THE BRITISH PUGS.—Pursuant to agreement, Gordon and Pipping of Birmingham met at an early hour on August 3d, on the Alcester Road, to contend at catch weight for £10 a side. A ring was at once formed with new ropes and stakes, but while the combatants were in process of stripping, two of the county constabulary, with the superintendent at their head, showed, and commenced a somewhat unjustifiable course (instead of first remonstrating and ordering a "move") by drawing their staves and falling indiscriminately on the bystanders, whose only offence consisted in trying to preserve their own. Had they been ordered, all would have quietly sought fresh ground, instead of which they retaliated, and a regular *melee* ensued. A move homewards was consequently necessitated, as the ropes and stakes were captured, and the matter remains at present in abeyance. It may be observed that the "party" were not on trespass, having formed the ring by the roadside.

MILL BETWEEN A COUPLE OF LITTLE ONES.—Bill Nye and Dennis Kiley met, on Aug. 2, to try conclusions for £10 a side, in the Home District, and the match turned out a most exciting affair. The start was from a well-known railway station, and then a trip by water was made. The selected spot being reached, the ring was soon pitched, and business at once commenced. Nye stands 5ft 3in in height, weighs about 7st 6lb, and is 24 years of age; thi; was his first appearance within the ropes and stakes. Dennis Kiley is 26 years of age, stands 5ft 3½in, and weighs about 8st he has appeared once before in the ring, when he was beaten by Nobby Porter. At twenty-two minutes past two o'clock they commenced fighting, and in a most determined manner rattled away—Kiley at the commencement taking a slight lead; Nye, however, persevered, and soon made matters equal. In the fifth round, Nye got first blood, and in the same round Kiley gained first knock-down blow. Nye gradually improved his advantage until the end of the nineteenth round, when the sponge was thrown up, and Nye was declared the winner, after fighting forty-five minutes.

SET-TO BETWEEN NOVICES.—J. Baker and J. Tiney met on Monday, Aug. 1, in the Home Circuit, and fought a game and determined battle, for £5 a side, at catch weight. The fight arose through a growl over business matters, and both coming from Poplar, the mill was arranged to be settled in the neighborhood. The money was staked at once, and on Monday the referee had orders to see that the best man won, as the battle was to be fought out. Baker was somewhat the bigger man, perhaps, weighing 10st to Tiney's 9st 7lb; he, however, gained first blood from the nose in the second round, and the first knock-down in the fifth round, and after a protracted fight of 93 rounds in 2 hours 5min., Baker was declared the winner by Tiney's seconds giving in for him.

ATHLETIC EXERCISES were the order of the day at Blackburn on July 29th and 30th, in which Wm. Livesey, alias the Lancashire Samson, who formerly traveled with Heenan, with Howes & Cushing's Circus, took the Blackburn prize for wrestling.

Cricket.

EXTRAORDINARY CRICKET CONTEST.

NOTTINGHAM VS. SURREY.—The cricket clubs of these counties finished a match on the Trent Bridge Ground, Nottingham, on July 29th, which, as a contest, was one of the most extraordinary on record. The *Sporting Life*, in its report, says: "The scorers now stood up, indicating that the game was a tie. They were kept in their positions some time, till amidst breathless silence and anxiety, Mr. Dowson made a fine hit through the slips off Jackson, which landed Surrey the winners of one of the most extraordinary and exciting matches that has ever been witnessed since cricket has been practised as an English pastime. The various phases which the play presented undoubtedly constitute this one of the most remarkable games on record, and those who were present may congratulate themselves upon their good fortune, and will, we feel assured—if previously skeptical—become converts to the doctrine that 'a game of cricket is never lost until it is won.' The Surrey eleven undoubtedly owe their victory mainly to the steady play and firm determination of Mr. Dowson, who never for a single moment during the trying ordeal to which he was subjected lost his presence of mind. A word of praise is also due to Shepherd, who, although only a colt, went to the wicket at a most critical moment, and played steadily according to orders. One thing we feel bound to mention, viz.; that although, strictly speaking, the stumps ought to have been drawn at seven o'clock, the game was allowed to proceed till twenty-two minutes after, in the true spirit of cricket, notwithstanding the earnest solicitations which were made in our hearing to the honorary secretary of the Surrey club to adhere strictly to time. Chatterton informs us that it was a rare treat to 'umpire' such a match, more especially while the last 18 runs were being obtained." These eulogies will be the more readily understood and appreciated when we state that 4 runs were needed when Surrey's last man went in. The excitement must have been intense. We regret being unable to give space to a full description of the match; but a cricketer will comprehend the exciting nature of the contest by glancing at the score appended:—

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C Brampton b Sewell	40	b Griffith	4
C Daft st Lockyer b Griffith	19	c Burbidge b Griffith	3
W Oscroft c Lockyer b Sewell	0	b Griffith	0
R Daft c Shepherd b Sewell	3	not out	27
T Bignal c Cæsar b Griffith	0	b Sewell	1
J Grundy b Shepherd	17	c Jupp b Sewell	0
G Wooton b Griffith	12	st Lockyer b Griffith	0
J Smith b Shepherd	0	b Griffith	2
J Jackson c Stephenson b Griffith	3	run out	5
R C Tinley b Griffith	6	c Lockyer b Griffith	12
S Biddulph not out	0	b Sewell	20
Byes 2, leg byes 5	7	byes 2, leg byes 4, wide 1	7
Total	107	Total	81

SURREY.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
T Humphrey b Grundy	13	b Grundy	0
H Jupp b Wootton	10	c Smith b Grundy	14
W Mortlock b Grundy	7	b Grundy	24
H H Stephenson c Tinley b Wootton	10	c Jackson b Grundy	1
G Griffith c R Daft b Wootton	10	c Biddulph b Grundy	0
J Cæsar c R Daft b Wootton	7	c Wootton b Jackson	1
Mr Dowson b Jackson	20	not out	11
Mr Burbidge c Oscroft b Grundy	0	b Grundy	0
T Lockyer b Grundy	4	c Tinley b Jackson	2
T Sewell not out	37	c Biddulph b Jackson	4
W Shepherd run out	0	not out	1
Byes 3, leg bye 6	9	byes 4, leg bye 1	5
Total	127	Total	63

JACKSON, known as the leviathan in turf matters, had a bet of a "monkey"* and £200 even on the above match, so that we judge that a large amount of money was lost and won on it.

* A "monkey" is £500.—ED. CLIP.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, Aug. 22, '64.

The summer wears on apace, and Broadway already begins to assume a busy aspect. Managers and players who have been making New York their head quarters, while perfecting engagements for the coming season, are taking their leave of us, to give place to our own people who have been spending the vacation in rural retirement, drinking dubious water at the Springs, cutting aquatic capers by the seaside, or playing off fantastic tricks and coquettish airs at some fashionable whiskey and watering place hotel. Everything must have an end, even to the accursed rebellion; hotels that have been patronised and shenaniganed by fashionable frauds will know them no more forever; matrons with marriageable daughters, who have been throwing out their lines to catch some "noble scion of a noble race" while passing the summer at some fashionable resort, will have time to reflect on the perfidy of man when they realise the startling fact that the "good catch," the "noble scion," is a "bilk," and without the first five-cent bill to buy himself a plain segar. Let us improvise a few lines on this distressing theme:

Oh, mothers of daughters dear, reflect on your mad career;
Oh, fathers of girls so fair, oh, tarry where'er you are;
Oh, brothers large, and brothers small, uncles slim and uncles tall,
Hold on to the maiden all forlorn, for fear she gets tossed by a crumpled horn.
Oh! lovers of good intent, oh, guardians of fortunes spent,
Think well of what you shall do, of shadows that all will pursue;
Beware of mishaps, of man-holes and traps, while dangers discardin',
Or the girl you adore, in a year or two more, may be taking her walks round the Betterin' House garden.

The copyright of these lines has been secured by mutual consent. ......A stroll along the Plaza the other day showed us a number of our players, airing themselves on the airy side of Broadway, some of them gentlemanly and modest in their bearing, others, impressed with a due regard of their own importance, putting on airs that would make the proudest contraband in all the land roll his eyes in holy horror. The best dressed man is not always the gentleman, nor is the man clothed in tatters the greatest rogue. Some men are so lifted up by a temporary success that they imagine every passer by is envious of them. They clothe themselves in the broadest of broadcloth and finest of fine linen, and thus made up as gentlemen they appear on the street, but like the ass in the lion's skin, they are unable to hide their real character. We met quite a number of this fictitious class upon the Broadway while sauntering along that great thoroughfare, and to us, who knew them when boys cried "Dickey, Dickey Dout" at them, and know them now when they are disguised as gentlemen, the sight was sickening. If there's anything disgusting, it is a conceited man; in woman it is bad enough, but it is one of her prerogatives, and we can overlook it; but a vain, uplifted masculine is as bad as a dose of ipecac. Poetry about the frauds:

Of all the peoples on the street,
None can with him company,
For he's a bona fide "dead beat,"
And he is mighty airy;
He dresses in the tailor's best,
"Cut the latest fashion,"
Holds high his head, throws out his chest,
Without the least compassion;
At night he plays the genteel man,
And does it awful gaily—

The rest of the verse we have unexpectedly forgotten, but the poem ends to the detriment of the genteel fraud...... There will be plenty of amusements for the people of this city next season, for the following theatres etc., will soon be in working order: Museum and Lecture Room, Barnum; Broadway Theatre, Geo. Wood; Old Bowery Theatre, G. L. Fox; Niblo's Garden, Wm. Wheatley; New Bowery, J. W. Lingard; New German Theatre, Hoym and another Dutchman; Winter Garden, Stuart; Olympic, Mrs. Wood; Stadt Theatre, Anybody; Wallack's, J. W. Wallack; Academy of Music, Max Maretzek; Bryant's Minstrels, Bryant Brothers; Menagerie, Chinese Rooms, Van Amburgh; American Music Hall, R. Butler; Wood's Minstrels, Henry Wood; Salon Diabolique, R. Heller; Campbell's Minstrels, M. Campbell. These are all legitimate institutions, and all will probably play it out on this line all winter. Here we have ten theatres, devoted to almost every speciality in the dramatic line, and affording variety enough to suit all tastes; there will be Italian opera and English opera; heavy tragedy and heavy comedy; light tragedy and light comedy; melo-dramady and sensation plays; spectacular spectacles; burlesques; pantomimes; horse opera; ballet and bare neck acts; nothing will be left undone to please or offend the tastes of the most fastidious. Then there will be the minstrel shows—three black bands—led by prominent and experienced managers. In addition to the legitimate places we have named, there will be scores of illegitimate establishments, where every sort of illegitimate taste may be gratified, and where the traveler may refresh and pay and travel on. The only wonder to us is, that some of our theatres don't imitate New Orleans and California managers, and give dramatic performances on Sunday evenings; we suppose, however, the fashionable churches fill up the void, for some of their services partake of the dramatic, spectacular, and operatic style of performance. The Germans once undertook to give theatrical entertainments on Sunday evenings at one of their theatres in the Bowery; it was only open to the regular congregation, or their friends; some of the friends proved to be detectives, one night, and the game was up; the congregation was dismissed without the benediction, and no more services took place in *that* church. There will be no dearth of amusements, and it will take a big sum of money, nightly, to support them all. Expenses to run them will be much greater than last year; probably from $50 to $100 per night more, according to quality; Wallack's, for instance, which was run at an expense of $400 per night last season, will be under an expense of $500 per night the coming year, and it is a question whether the veteran will come out so much ahead as he did the past campaign. So with other houses. The Academy of Music will have a tall bill of expenses to liquidate nightly, and to help the manager along the Codfish and Shoddyites will be taxed almost double last year's rates for choice places. Managers are a little exercised in mind about the draft and Presidential election: some of them fear there will be trouble when those matters come to be decided. They would much sooner hear of an armistice before either event takes place, for an armistice would have a look towards peace if nothing else. That puts us in mind of a good thing: Why is lo! the poor Indian, unlike Pat, the poor Irishman? Because one smokes the pipe of peace, and the other the piece of pipe.

TALKING ABOUT PEACE, there's very little of it among the Italian Opera folks; some of them are all the time squabbling among themselves, or sueing each other when they can't make it out right by mutual concession. Some of 'em were up in Court again, last week, during one of those scorching dog days. It was in the Supreme Court, before Judge Barnard, that Sig. Brignoli, the "handsome" and indisposed tenor, entered suit against Manager Grau to recover $15,000 alleged to be due him for professional services. Grau says that the debt is canceled by Brignoli violating his contract, and refusing to sing when called upon, and that he has damaged the managerial stocking thereby to the extent of $12,000, so he sets up a counter claim against the tenor. Brignoli was also in trouble in another quarter, John A. Godfrey having instituted suit to recover $1600 due him for legal services and money advanced on account of the singing man. The case is going on, and we guess Brignoli won't get much "previous to his departure for Europe."

MISS OLIVE LOGAN commences an engagement at Wallack's, this evening, 22d, in a new play entitled "Eveleen." Mr. Bryant concluded his performances at this house on the 20th.

CROWDED HOUSES greeted Miss Western and "East Lynne" all last week, at Niblo's Garden. It is necessary to be on hand early to secure a seat. Miss W. is now in the seventh week of her engagement, which is one of the successes of the season.

SHERRY CORBYN, well-known to New Yorkers, but who has been absent in California for the past seven years, arrived here on the 16th inst., for the purpose of engaging talent, and transacting other matters which require his presence here. Mr. Corbyn is identified with amusements in San Francisco, having been manager of various theatres and music halls in that place, and is well-posted in all that concerns theatricals in that country. He will remain here but a short time, it being his purpose to return to San Francisco next month.

THE WINTER GARDEN opened for the season on the 18th inst. Mr. J. S. Clarke is the star, and one of the backers of the house.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, the-tie-themselves-up-and-get-themselves-clear-ists, sailed for England on the 20th, under the pilotage of Mr. H. D. Palmer. If they succeed in doing the Britishers, they will travel farther.

THE PLAYERS again assembled in council at Cooper Institute, on the 18th inst., Mr. Davidge in the chair. Mr. Bernard, as chairman of a committee appointed to confer with the Working Men's Union, reported that he had ascertained that from the rules of that organization, it was impracticable for the Actors' Union to be represented there. The meetings were held in the evening when the engagements of actors would necessarily prevent their attendance. The Working Men's Union, however, had pledged themselves to extend any aid that might be needed, not as a matter of favor, but from an interest in a body of like object with themselves. The report was adopted.

The following circular, proposed to be sent to every actor in the country, was then read and adopted:

ACTORS' PROTECTIVE UNION,
COOPER INSTITUTE, New York, August 18.

To the Dramatic Profession of America.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The formation of the above-named society being imperatively demanded by the long-existing necessity for an equitable status for the members of the profession, your attention is respectfully directed to a copy of the annexed preamble, in which the requirements to that end are fully set forth. The meetings already held in this city have added largely to the number of their associates at every gathering; and it is only necessary for its officers to present the aim and object of this project to insure the co-operation of the profession throughout the entire continent. Bye-laws are in course of preparation, and will be presented to your notice so soon as diligently considered, when it will be shown that a conscientious regard for the interest of the managers as well as actors and actresses will form the prominent feature of the conditions. To this end suggestions are respectfully solicited from managers as well as actors, and the same will meet with the most careful perusal and attention. Address box 2414 New York Postoffice.

The secretary then read a number of communications, among which was the following, giving a plan for a theatrical association:

NEW YORK, July 12.

WM. B. DAVIDGE, Esq.—*Dear Sir:*—A notice in the *World* of a theatrical meeting at the Astor House, of which you were the chairman, leads me to address you on the subject of a theatrical association on a plan I have never yet seen broached, and I address you the more willingly as I see you have proposed to join with others in establishing a theatre in which due justice can be done to all. Now, sir, if you please, listen to my plan. It will not enable any of you to buy a house in Fifth avenue, but it *will* give you the proud satisfaction of knowing that by it all engaged, from the highest to the lowest, would have what they are entitled to, a living. Actors and actresses, as such, have their relative values; therefore, *equality* of salaries is inadmissible. Premising thus, let me proceed. You, we will say, are manager; you have or borrow ten thousand dollars, as capital to fit up and furnish the theatre; you pay rent for the building, have various expenses, gas, water, fuel, etc.; you have a corps of actors, musicians, and assistants, permanent corps of supernumeraries, at your call. First, as manager, you put your services at a salary, no matter what, you will be liberal—what it is worth—what you could afford to do the like labor for another. You have passed the various grades in the theatre, and you know what each actor can afford to work in his part for—not what you can get it done for, but what you would do it for. Your musicians, carpenters, painters, even to the poor widow who sweeps and dusts, and on whose faithfulness the comfort of your audience largely depends—you carefully select your *corps* in all departments; *none but the best.* Your season has commenced; and weekly you have paid your salaries at the end of the month. You close up your books, and find a profit; divide it thus (of course rent and all expenses have been paid and a profit is clear): You don't put it into a Fifth-avenue house, *a la* Wallack, but you pay capital its share, seven per cent. You then divide the balance by the number of permanent employes, and give each one an equal share of the balance. Now for the results of such a course. The more faithful is each in his station, the more perfect will be the performance; the more finished the performance, the better the attendance; the better the attendance, the more profit; therefore it is for the interest of all concerned to do their level best in every possible way that the interests of the business can be advanced. This plan will bring all the very best talent in the country, and, as manager, having supreme control, or the *veto* power, in case (which would be best) you have a council of four to six from all the various departments. The properties should belong to the theatre, and all dresses, both male and female, unless the gentleman or lady *prefers* to own his or her dress, in which case the plea of having the expense of dresses could not be made. A careful record should be kept of the value of the properties bought by the friends of the association, so that if one leaves, his or her pro-rata share may be paid them.

This plan is the true principle of community of interests; and having a definite object in view, will avoid the rocks on which Fourier foundered; for in the phalanxes each one did as he pleased, and there was no definite object in view, except selfish gratification.

He is happiest who labors for the greatest good of the greatest number. Your known benevolence and humanity—for I knew *of* you in New Orleans—leads me to believe that you will comprehend my meaning, and can guess the great good this plan will bring about to all concerned. I remain your friend.

P. S.—There is one point I have not made clear. Capital is a partner, and, besides his seven per cent., he has his pro-rata share; the seven per cent. interest in his salary.

Mr. Davidge remarked that the Union did not propose to go into any such enterprise as the letter developed. He supposed that the communication was sent from a suggestion in reference to such an association which he had made at the meeting referred to. He presumed the secretary had presented the letter merely to show the interest taken in the matter by those outside of the profession, and that no action need be taken upon it. Mr. Davidge then addressed the meeting as follows:—

Gentlemen: I desire to congratulate you upon the prosperous advance you have made since your inaugural meeting at the Astor House, on the 11th of last month, where you agitated the question that equal rights between employer and employee, or between managers and actors, were entitled to some consideration. Since that time you have had but two other meetings prior to this, and you number about one hundred members. Isn't this progress? If we look back to the great commercial city of Manchester, when a measure was proposed which revolutionized the commerce of that country, what do we find? Why, that but thirty-five persons assembled at the first meeting for the repeal of the corn laws. I say, then, onward be your progress. Listen not to those who are totally ignorant of the subject at issue, and who tell you that you cannot have arrived at a consummation of your design, because you cannot define your lines of business. You know well enough that you can; and you know that you can, simply because you understand the subject and they don't. I have been very much amused at the way I have been button-holed at street corners by inquiring minds, and invited to explain the object and intention of your society. Some assume that the managers are the best judges of what the actor is capable of doing; but when you localize the matter in such a way as to apply a like principle to their own avocation, they most strenuously object to a *da capo* of their own composition. Action must be your motto, and when you have accomplished the object you seek, all right—thinking and liberal-minded people will heartily and cheerfully indorse your action.

It was then determined that the association hold meetings hereafter on the first Thursday of each month. After a number of new members had signed the roll, the meeting adjourned.

MR. C. POPE, the popular actor, arrived in this city from San Francisco, on the 16th inst. Mr. Pope is prepared to negotiate with managers for a first class position in the stock for the coming season. Address care of CLIPPER office, or his agent, C. T. Parsloe.

AN IMMENSE CROWD attended the re-opening of "444," on Monday evening, Aug. 15, the doors and sidewalk being blocked up long before the time announced for opening, and when the doors were opened, there was such a rush as has not been witnessed since the "Rush-In Ball." It did not take the house long to fill up, for in a very short space of time after the opening, every available spot in the house was occupied, and this, notwithstanding an increase in the prices of admission, the tariff now being 15, 25 and 50 cents. The *habitues* seemed glad to get into the favorite hall again, and to have an opportunity to see their favorites once more, on this "their first appearance since their return from Boston." When the curtain went up, and the show went on, the enthusiasm among the audience was huge. Everybody had a big reception, whether they performed their parts well or not. The young fellers evidently could not see enough of the ladies, and they applauded them, and *encored* them, and shouted at them until the girls got frightened. Oh, it was a generous welcome, and a happy beginning for the new season. Mr. Butler was as busy as he could be "in his counting house, counting out his money," and we hear that he got tired of the job before he was half through. Throughout the week the business has been equally good with the opening night, and the prospects are cheering for a prosperous season.

A SUCCESSION of good houses have greeted the performances of Campbell's Minstrel's on the east side of the town since our last. The entertainments offered have been of an unusually interesting nature. We were in attendance on Friday evening, the 19th inst., and found the house quite full. The first part of the evening's entertainment passed off very well, the excellent singing of Katy Darling by Mr. Campbell being truly noteworthy. Mr. Campbell is an old time singer, and whenever he is announced for a ballad the audience are sure of enjoying a treat. In the second part, or what is termed the olio business, Mr. Frank Kent, the popular wench dancer, executed the fancy dance of Pas de Corsair in a truly creditable manner. His wonderful power of poise is only equalled by a dexterity and endurance which renders the most difficult *pirouettes* and *poses* easy and graceful. Little Willie Guy is a very clever little performer. His performance of Sally Come Up was well done—in fact, much better than we have seen by performers of larger growth. W. S. Budworth, who has become quite a favorite with the East Siders, takes a benefit on Saturday afternoon, the 27th inst., on which occasion a number of volunteer talent will appear, consisting of J. H. Budworth, Archy Hughes, Hank Mudge and Charley Buckley. "Jack Sheppard" will be performed on horseback.

MECHANICS' HALL, 472 Broadway, remains closed, and we understand that it will not be reopened until three or four weeks shall have elapsed. It looks a little strange to see this old homestead of minstrelsy closed so long. We believe it was the original intention of Bryants' Minstrels to reopen the place on the 15th inst., but probably Dan's dramatic aspiration towards a position on the legitimate boards, prevented the intended resumption of the minstrel season. Take care, boys; as you have done well in your own speciality, stick to it while you have a hold; once your grip is loosened, burnt cork won't save you. Neil, we hear, starts out with a company for a travelling season, but Dan will not go with them. What's the matter, boys? There should be more harmony in the camp.

BIG MEN, little men, animals, fishes, specimens of anything in animated nature, wax figgers, snakes, rare minerals, coins, autographs, horned pigs, angel fish and devil fish; in fact, specimens of "all the birds in the air, all the fish in the sea," all the animals on the land may be seen in the great collection of curiosities which help to make up Barnum's Museum. It is the Curiosity Shop that draws visitors from all sections of the world, and from all classes of people. A whole week may be very profitably spent in examining the wonders at Barnum's, and parents can give their children no more instructive recreation than by taking them to this rare show.

ONE THOUSAND MUSICIANS are to take part in a great musical festival announced to come off at Jones' Wood on the 19th of September, under the management of the "New York Musical Protective Union." These immense festivals are very popular in Europe, and ought to become so here, and it is to be hoped that the opening mammoth musical gathering will be largely patronised. Don't confound this with any other affair. The "great gathering" is fixed for Sept. 19th.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS were rewarded with another series of excellent houses during the past week, the ladies composing a prominent and brilliant portion of the audiences. The beauty of the hall, the thorough ventilation, the variety and completeness of the entertainments, and the courteous treatment visitors meet with at the hands of the officials in front, all combine to make this place one of the most enjoyable public resorts in this city. Another good variety bill is offered the patrons of the house the current week, and crowded houses will no doubt again be the rule. Wood's Minstrels have the Broadway field all to themselves.

THE NEW BOWERY opened on the 20th inst. to one of the largest crowds ever congregated within the walls of that establishment. Long before the time arrived for opening the doors, the crowd in front was so great that it was impossible to get along on the pavement. When the doors did open, the rush was "tremenguous." It was truly laughable to see the anxiety manifested by the galleryists to gain admission and making for a front seat. For an hour before the curtain arose, the rush to obtain seats was great, and for a time there was noise enough among the gods, surpassing that which is said to have occurred at Babel. When the gas was turned on, the house presented a beautiful appearance. The house has had a thorough overhauling, the seats have all been upholstered and painted, and around the circle paint and paper have been freely used. The lowering of the first circle has made a wonderful improvement in the general appearance of the theatre. A new drop has been painted, which presents a beautiful appearance when the gas is "full up." When the curtain rose, each performer, as he or she appeared, was greeted with hearty applause, and some with cheer upon cheer. The following is a list of the company: Messrs. J. B. Howe, Geo. Brookes, O. W. Thompson, Malmberg, Hart, Connelly, James, Smith, Stanton, G. Lingard, Winter, Seabert, Duaber, Wright and Glassford; Mesdames W. G. Jones, Phillips, Boniface and Brookes; Misses Kittie Fyffe, Wilder, Bowes, Mehan, Clifton and Greer.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE opens for the season on the 29th inst., with John E. Owens as the first star. The opening pieces will be "Married Life" and "The Yankee Teamster." The company will consist of Misses Alice Placide, C. Adams, Nellie Johnson, Marie Boniface; Mesdames G. F. Tyrrell, M. E. Burroughs, M. C. Crampton, M'lle Josephine, Miss Pike, Miss Atwater, Miss King, Miss Wallace; George D. Chaplin, George Metkiff, C. P. De Groot, Thomas Owens, W. J. Fleming, F. T. Styles, Geo. Stanley, Fred. Maeder, J. W. Atwater, W. H. Beckman, W. Williams, J. W. Carpenter, and F. Wilkinson, with T. E. Mills as stage manager. Mr. Owens will appear on the opening night as Mr. Dove and Solon Shingles. Mr. Owens is a very clever comedian, and it has been a long time since he appeared in this city. When last here he appeared in opposition to the late Wm. E. Burton, and very injudiciously put up the same pieces that Burton did. The consequence was that Burton, an established favorite, won the day, and soon had the field to himself, much to the disgust of Mr. Owens. During the recess the theatre has had a good overhauling. A new stage has been built, which has many of the modern improvements. The seats have all been recushioned, and the orchestra enlarged. The house will now compare for beauty with any in the city, and Manager Wood is determined to make it popular with the masses.

THE OLD BOWERY has been jogging along the same as usual, doing a good share of business among the east siders. There was nothing very startling produced last week. This evening the drama of "The Three Guardsmen," the farce of "Jones' Baby," and the nautical drama of "The Fisherman of Lisbon," are produced.

MRS. KATE CONNER, wife of the principal of the firm of James Conner & Co., of this city, returned home from a tour of our fashionable watering places last week, looking all the better for her vacation.

MISS KATE FISHER was in town last week; and this week gives the people of Newark, N. J., an opportunity to witness her talented performance of Mazeppa and other characters.

Dramatic.

HELEN WESTERN, from some cause, did not open the St. Louis theatre on the 15th, as was expected. A very fair house, however, assembled to witness the "Poor Gentleman." Ben de Bar, Mr. Gray and Mr. Raymond came in for the lion's share of the applause. The house has been renovated and re-decorated, and an elegant new curtain painted, to take the place of the advertising drop used for several months past. Several changes have taken place in the company, and generally they are improvements. Messrs. W. P. Smith, Rogers and Raymond, Miss Maddern, and Mrs. McManus are retained. The new leading members are Messrs. G. F. DeVere, from the London theatres, Welsh Edwards, Slevin, Struthers and Grey, and Mrs. Welsh Edwards, Miss Nelly Mortimer, Mrs. Slevin and Mrs. Grey. Mr. DeVere, as Frederick Bramble, is said to have made a decided hit, and won his way irresistibly to the good opinions of the audience. His acting was easy, graceful, natural, and his elocution correct and pleasing. On the 16th, the "Hidden Hand," in which Mrs. Welsh Edwards, the new "leading lady," was to have made her first appearance there as Capitola.

MRS. MARY STEVENS, formerly Miss Marietta, well known in the West as a leading actress, has been secured for the season at the Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Theatre.

AT THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, the Webb Sisters closed a two weeks' engagement on the 13th inst. On the 15th, Barton Hill commenced a brief engagement, opening in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." On the 16th, "Our American Cousin" was performed, with Hill as Dundreary, and Mrs. Buckland as Florence Trenchard. This week Emily Thorne is the star attraction.

A DRAMATIC COMPANY, composed of Messrs. Mortimer, H. Franks, Harry Grosvenor, John Townsend, La Serre, Alex. Robb, Wood, Johnston and Robinson, Mrs. Grosvenor, and the Misses Florence and Constance Grosvenor, was performing at City Hall, Kingston, C. W., last week.

MRS. HANNAH STEWART, and her son Alfred Stewart, Irish Comedian, left town last week to join Duffield & Flynn's company at Nashville, Tenn., for the season.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and his daughter Virginia had a fine opening at Portland, Me., on the 15th inst., with Manager J. C. Myers' company. The *Advertiser* of that city, of the 16th inst., says:—"It has rarely been our fortune to witness a more finished performance than Mr. Buchanan's Sir Harcourt Courtly last evening. We think we can safely pronounce it the best representation of the character ever seen on our boards. The Lady Gay of Miss Virginia was as full of sparkling vivacity as the severest critic could desire; and the success of the leading actors imbued the subordinate parts with real vigor. Taken in all its details, it was a splendid performance, entirely free from stage waits and annoying halts. Speaking of Mr. Buchanan reminds us that it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that he is the son of Paymaster Buchanan, U. S. Navy, who was attached to the United States frigate Congress at the monitor fight in Hampton Roads, and is the nephew of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, who recently commanded the Confederate navy and was taken prisoner on board the rebel ram Tennessee in the recent Mobile naval battle. One of the horrible instances of the present war is the fact that Paymaster Buchanan was taken prisoner and compelled to surrender to his own brother in the Hampton Roads fight."

LEO HUDSON commences her fall and winter season on the 22d inst., at Lexington, Ky., for two weeks, opening in "Mazeppa," under the management of Golden and Weaver. At the conclusion of this engagement the "Queen of the Mazeppas" goes to Nashville with Allen for two or three weeks.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Albany, is undergoing a thorough rejuvenation, preparatory to commencing the fall season. The season will commence about the 20th of September.

MR. STEVE ASHLEY, the young comedian connected with the Academy of Music, Albany, last season, was announced to take a farewell benefit on the 20th inst., at Tweddle Hall, Albany, previous to his departure for Louisville, where he has been engaged for next season.

MR. H. C. JARRETT has leased the theatre in Providence, R. I., for one year. The German and Italian Opera companies will fulfill engagements of a month or two each at the Boston Theatre next season, thus relieving, for the time, Mr. Jarrett's company, who will appear in Providence during their temporary withdrawal from the theatre in Boston.

THE GROSS AND NASH dramatic combination "went up" at Evansville, Ind., last week. Several members of the company speak in not very complimentary terms of the management for treatment received at their hands.

"PEEP O' DAY BOYS" was produced at the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill., on the 15th inst., in good style. The piece was a success, and was repeated the following evening.

GROVER'S THEATRE, Washington, is undergoing alterations, which will give it a more imposing appearance externally. The season commences about the 5th of September, with Wm. Warren as the first star.

MR. HARRY HUDSON, said to be a very clever juvenile performer, lately connected with the Athenæum company at Cairo, Ill., has been engaged for the coming season for Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. Speaking of his departure from Cairo, the *Democrat*, of the 15th inst., says:—"Harry B. Hudson is going away. We regret this, for he is one of the brightest lights of the Athenæum company, and his loss will be severely felt. He has accepted an engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, for the ensuing season. He is the very prince of good fellows and will make hosts of friends wherever he may go. We expect to hear a brilliant report of him in his new 'posish.'"

THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, is advertised to be let by the day or week up to October 1st in this issue of the CLIPPER. After the above date it will be occupied by the "Great National Circus."

MISS ANNIE WAITE'S address is advertised for in this issue by Mr. W. W. Leak.

AT THE NEW THEATRE, Harrisburg, Pa., a first old man and a *danseuse* are wanted by Managers Wilkie and Marble for the forthcoming season, commencing September 1st. See advertisement to that effect in another column.

KATE FISHER has for several weeks past been busily engaged preparing for the fall and winter season. She has organized a travelling dramatic company, composed of Messrs. Hind, Higgins, Andrews, Curtis, Davidge and Master John Chatterton, the popular tenor singer, late of the Holman Opera Troupe: Misses Chippendale, Walton, Florence, La Fond and Wallace (the late Mrs. T. B. Johnson). With this company Miss Fisher will appear at the Newark (N. J.) Theatre as "Mazeppa." About the latter part of September she will commence her starring tour through the west and southwest, and when she is disengaged as a "star" will travel with her dramatic company, thereby keeping herself at work all the time. Mr. Parkes, late of the Holman Troupe, is her business agent. Miss Fisher has a new piece dramatized expressly for her from the German, and which is said to be superior to "Mazeppa," it being an oriental piece. This will be Kate's favorite piece this season. Managers desiring her services for the season should address her at once.

HELEN WESTERN commences her starring season Sept. 5th, at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

YANKEE LOCKE is the star this week at Ellsler's Athenæum, Columbus, Ohio. While at Rochester, N. Y., last week, he was presented with a silver-mounted cane by W. H. Donaldson, pantomimist.

MR. J. R. WHITE, late of the National, Cincinnati, goes to the Metropolitan, Buffalo, as stage manager.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN and daughter did a fine business at Portland, Me., with J. C. Myers' dramatic company. "The Robbers" was presented for his farewell benefit on the 20th.

THE BUSINESS at the Boston Museum has been good since the opening of the season. Mrs. Williams has not yet made her appearance, owing to indisposition. Mr. C. Peters, the low comedian, has been well received and is highly spoken of by the press of that city.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, commenced its season with a large and enthusiastic audience. The improvements, it is said, have been liberal, tasteful and judicious. The attraction last week was the "Octoroon," with Mr. and Mrs. Langdon in the principal *roles.* On the 18th inst., Mr. and Mrs. Gomersal appeared in the "Child of the Regiment." Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are the stars this week, opening in the "Hidden Hand" on the 22d.

MATILDA HERON commences an engagement at the Howard, Boston, on the 10th of October. During its continuance she will bring out her own dramatic version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." She has nearly achieved her limits in the performance of Camille, and when, during the present season, she plays the character for the one thousandth time, she will abandon it entirely. It is to this play that she chiefly owes her reputation.

IDA VERNON is playing the heroine in "East Lynne," at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Buffalo, Lawrence P. Barrett took his farewell benefit on the 20th inst., when he appeared as Elliott Gray, in "Rosedale," and in the fifth act of "Richard the Third." On the 22d, Manager John H. Meech was up for a benefit, with Annie Waite among the volunteers. Dan Setchell is underlined for an early appearance.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY was playing with a dramatic company last week at Covington, Ky. She closed there on the 20th inst., with the sensation drama of "The Child of the Savannah."

THE DIRECTORS of the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, are making extensive alterations in the building for the coming operatic and theatrical season. Painters have been engaged for some weeks in touching up the interior of the building, and Mr. Samuel Culbert, the well-known scenic artist, is engaged on a series of new scenes for the building, the addition of which, it is expected, will meet the requirements of any piece that may be put on the stage. The house was opened for the season on the 16th inst., by the German Opera Troupe, who will give a season of six nights.

J. C. MYERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY, with McKean Buchanan and his daughter as the stars, closed a brilliant season in Portland, Me., on the 20th inst., and was to open in Augusta, Me., on the 22d. Myers is making arrangements for a season in Toronto, C. W., commencing on the 3d of October. Several new sensation dramas from the pen of W. W. Pratt will be produced there for the first time. Among others, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," never yet produced in the Canadas. Mr. F. O. Savage, of this company, and Mr. W. W. Pratt both completed their 62d year on the 19th of this month, and their manager treated them and the company to a social clam-bake among the islands in Portland Harbor.

H. A. WENTWORTH left Manager Myers with his name on the bill for Macduff, but not to be caught, Mr. M. played the part at a few hours' notice, and was received with great satisfaction.

MR. AND MRS. D. NOURSE have joined Myers' party, who were announced in Augusta, Me., for the 22d, to open in "London Assurance," with McKean Buchanan as Sir Harcourt and Miss Virginia as Lady Gay. "The Apostate" was announced for the 23d, with Miss Buchanan as Florinda, McKean Buchanan as Pescara, D. Nourse as Malec, and E. M. Leslie as Hemaya. The company are at Lowell, Mass., the 27th and 28th inst.

THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON at the Norfolk Opera House will commence on the 27th inst., the initiatory entertainment being given by the stock company, which will comprise, amongst others, Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Marston (once Miss Rose France) and Miss Kate Clarke of the old company. On the 29th, Geo. C. Charles, the Irish comedian, commences an engagement. Mr. Glenn is having some improvements made in the house, and announces his determination to leave nothing undone which will, in the least, conduce to the ease and comfort of his patrons.

MD'LLE ZOE the *danseuse* and pantomimist, and Ben Yates, commence an engagement at the St. Louis Theatre on the 29th inst.

MISS KATE VANCE, of Mazeppa fame, intends going to England, it would appear from an advertisement in another column, previous to which, however, the lady, with her horse, Don Juan, and W. R. Derr, will fulfil several engagements in this country. Managers wishing to engage Miss Vance will address as instructed in Messrs. Conner & Co's advertisement in another column.

THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, was reopened on Saturday evening, 20th inst., the spectacle of the "Naiad Queen" being the attraction. The house was well filled, but the performance did not produce that enthusiasm which had been anticipated; the first night of a piece is generally more of a rehearsal than a regular performance, so that ample allowance must be made for some of the shortcomings in this old spectacle. Some of the scenery and effects are very pretty, but not, as a general thing, new. Mrs. Henri, as the Queen, was passable only; Mr. Hearn, as Sir Rupert, his first appearance here, was favorably received; Mr. Henri, who has been performing at the Memphis Theatre, where he made himself quite a favorite with the *habitues*, has returned to Philadelphia, and appeared at the Walnut as Amphibio, his performance of that character being one of the features of the piece. We shall visit the theatre again this week, by which time the spectacle will be in better working order, and the performers more perfect in their parts. This is said to be only a preliminary spasm previous to the regular opening in a couple of weeks.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced the second week of her engagement, at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 22d inst., in "East Lynne."

"ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP" remains on the bills of the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, drawing good houses, and probably remunerating Mr. Grover for his outlay in producing this beautiful show piece. While the "Lamp" holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return night after night to the Chestnut, and be greatly amused at the wonders displayed in this gorgeous spectacle. The prices of admission remain the same as last year, and no extra charge for securing seats, which is very liberal in the management, as things now go.

MANAGER H. C. JARRETT has leased the Providence (R. I.) Theatre for one year. The German and French opera companies will fulfill engagements of a month or two each, at the Boston Theatre, next season, thus relieving, for the time, Mr. Jarrett's company at that place.

VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, is closed at present, and is being refitted and painted, and will open about the first of October. Mr. Barton Hill, Mrs. J. H. Allen, the Wood sisters, Rose and Therese, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Barrett, are engaged.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, is being repaired, and will open about the last of September.

MRS. J. W. THORP is running the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, at present, which will close soon for repairs.

MR. BATEMAN, father of Kate Bateman, has been brought before a London magistrate, charged with an assault on a lady, growing out of a theatrical scandal. The trial took place August 9th, at the Bow street Police Court. The lady—Mrs. Augusta Bristow—was box book-keeper of the Theatre Royal Adelphi, and she charged Bateman with striking and kicking her, in the Strand, on the 1st inst. The complainant and her family had been for some time on terms of intimacy and friendship with the defendant, who had visited their house, and had become acquainted with Miss Turner, a daughter of the complainant by a former husband, who occasionally assisted her mother in the booking-office of the Adelphi Theatre. A letter was received by the complainant, informing her of an intimacy, of a kind she would not characterize, which had sprung up between her daughter and the defendant. Augusta Bristow, being examined said—I am the wife of Geo. Bristow, wine-broker, and reside at 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. I have been acquainted with the defendant, Mr. Bateman, ever since the engagement of his daughter to play Leah at the Adelphi Theatre, which was probably a year or more ago. I hold an appointment at the theatre, in the booking-office, and my daughter Georgiana occasionally assisted me there. He saw us on business at the theatre, and afterwards became a friend and a frequent visitor to our house—taking meals with us, playing with the children, &c. The defendant left England for a time on his own family matters, and the friendship with us was resumed on his return. On Monday evening, the 1st of August, in consequence of a letter which I had received, I went into the Strand between ten and eleven o'clock to watch my daughter. She did not see me. When she left the theatre, where she was occupied till nearly 11 o'clock, I saw her go the reverse way from her home. She hurried along the Strand, and when near the corner of Bedford street I saw Mr. Bateman join her. They did not see me. They hurried on to the cab-rank, and he spoke hastily to the cabman. The steps of the cab were let down, and my daughter was handed into the cab by the defendant. He was about to follow her, when I sprang to the spot and seized my girl by the arm, and endeavored to prevent his following her. He turned round, and I said to him, "You wretch! you have taken my daughter." He instantly gave me a blow upon the shoulder and kicked me in the leg, exclaiming, "You d——d woman." I took my daughter out of the cab, and conducted her to her home. I had given him no provocation beyond the attempt to rescue my daughter. She absconded from her home the next morning.

Mr. Sleigh, counsel for the defendant said: he could not help expressing his great astonishment that any woman, having a regard for the fair fame of her child, should have allowed her to be stigmatized in open court by her own legal adviser. On the part of the defendant, no less than on the part of the girl who had been thus maligned, he was instructed to declare that there was not a tittle of foundation for the stigma which had been so cruelly cast upon Miss Turner by her own mother. As for Mr. Bateman his position must be put fairly before the court and the public. He is well known—perhaps so well known as to have been selected, by reason of his prominence in the dramatic world, for this odious charge; for it was impossible to divine the motives which had led to these proceedings. At all events, he had pledged himself that he had not entertained any feeling but one of simple friendship towards Miss Turner. Miss Turner had evinced a desire to try her fortune upon the stage as an actress, and it was only natural that she should seek the advice and aid of one so experienced and so influential in the profession as Mr. Bateman, who was an elderly man, and one whom she could consult with the strictest propriety about such matters.

Mr. Flowers, the magistrate, said that where the evidence is so conflicting, he could not undertake to give a decision. The evidence must be sifted by a jury. He, therefore, sent it for trial, but, of course, took bail. The defendant entered into his own recognizances of £50 and provided two sureties of £25 each to answer the charge at the session.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MR. J. H. BUDWORTH, the funny man of Hooley's Minstrels over in Brooklyn, took a benefit on the 17th inst., and was rewarded by the largest house of the season. Notwithstanding the weather was very stormy, the house was filled to repletion. Mr. Budworth can amuse an audience without offending good taste, and he opens to view a higher walk in the profession than the grimacing, half-idiotic buffoon who is usually the type of the funny man in negro minstrelsy.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS do not open their minstrel hall in this city so soon as expected. The opening has been put off for another month. In the meantime the party reorganize and go on a short travelling tour under the management of Neil Bryant. Nelse Seymour (who has been let off by Manager Butler of 444), will go on the end (with Dave Reed), for the tour only, and returns to 444. Dan Bryant will not go with the party. What's up?

HAVERLEY'S COMBINATION MINSTREL TROUPE are billed for Ann Arbor, Mich., 22d and 23d; Ypsilanti, 24th and 25th; and return to their opera house, Toledo, Ohio, to open for the fall and winter season, Aug. 26th.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS have been doing a splendid summer business at their opera house in Brooklyn, notwithstanding the intense heat. As at present organised, the quartette comprises Messrs. Herman, Prendergast, Parkerson and Nevers; Prendergast is interlocutor; J. B. Donniker, musical director; with J. H. Budworth and Archey Hughes as end men. Mr. Parkerson has a clear voice, and sings a ballad called "Fairy Belle" very cleverly; at least such is our judgment after a visit there one evening last week. The first part of the performance went off passably well. Prendergast gave the "Sweep's Refrain" in good style; Budworth sang "Tapioca," and had an *encore* for it. We were disappointed in Archy Hughes as an end man. We had heard him highly spoken of, but we found him anything else but entertaining on the end. Mr. G. W. Charles executed "La Bayadere" in a creditable manner. He is a very clever wench dancer. Mr. W. H. Lewis (a former pupil of Gustave Bidaux) executed an operatic scene in the true Rollin Howard style. He is young yet, and as he is possessed of a good voice, he will no doubt become a good performer. Hank Mudge got through with a clog dance in commendable style. Many of his steps were new and difficult ones. The Rush-in Ball and a walk-around closed the performance.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS have been doing a good business at Ford's Washington Theatre the past two weeks. The vocal and instrumental department is pronounced good. Messrs. Fields and Cooper do a clog dance. Mr. J. W. Rayner, the manager, was up for a benefit on the 19th inst. Mr. J. J. Peck, of that city, volunteered his services.

CHARLEY MORRIS' MINSTRELS have been meeting with success since they started out for the season. On the 18th they were at Concord, N. H. Charley Fox, who is on the "end," is said to be keeping his end up very well, and is quite a favorite wherever the company appears. During the present week the party open at Providence, R. I.

THE MAZEPPA MINSTRELS reorganized in Newark, N. J. last week, and are composed of the following persons:—Billy Hart, bones; Frank Howard, tamborine; Matt Ward, interlocutor; Geo. W. Howard, stump orator and jig dancer; Dick Burt, banjo; Master Johnny, clog dancer; Mark Sanderson, tenor; Henry White, alto; Chas. W. Porter, tenor and balladist; C. Parkhurst, first violin; W. W. Jones, second violin; S. W. Pierson, violoncello; Henry Price, flageolet; Geo. Thompson, piccolo; M. Savage, cornet; and Master Moore, drum, with F. Green as agent, Frank Howard, manager. They intend giving a performance in Newark soon.

DAN SHELBY left Yankee Robinson's Show owing to bad health, but at last accounts he was in better condition, at Fon du Lac, Wis. He is anxious to hear from Billy McCracken, and if the latter will send his address to Shelby, at Milwaukee, he will hear of something to his interest.

FRANK MORAN is organizing a minstrel band for Philadelphia. Frank intends opening in the Small Hall of Concert Hall about the 8th of September.

A FEW ITEMS about burnt cork people in England are sent us by our correspondent "Wide Awake," under date of Liverpool, Aug. 2d. He says:—"The Christy Minstrels (Wilsom's party), after a sojourn of four weeks at the Isle of Man, have returned to their old quarters, St. James' Hall, Liverpool, where they were welcomed back by a crowded house last evening. G. W. Moore, Tom Christian, J. Ritter, O. Parker, G. J. Wilsom, etc., were all heartily received. There are many Christy troupes in this country at present, but the company at the St. James is the Simon pure; they left New York seven years ago to perform in Europe...... Burton's Christy Minstrels are this week at Brighton......The 'Stars of Christy Minstrels,' under the management of Crocker & Donaldson, are in Dublin......'Christy's Colored Comedians,' managed by Isaac Spiller, are at Scarborough......'Collins, Joe Brown and John Smith's Christy' were doing very well when last heard from in India...... Nish's party are making their farewell tour in Australia previous to their return to England ...... Unsworth and Eugene continue to be favorite cards at the Oxford, London.... Templeton's Opera Troupe are taking a vacation. ... The 'Great Mackney' is only doing one turn each night in London ... I do not believe that there is a concert room in England, Ireland or Scotland but that has its Ethiopian delineators......You would be astonished to see the Nigger Bands here playing in the streets for pennies; they also carry on this kind of business at fairs, races, regattas, etc.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS gave their first night's performance at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, on the 15th, and gave great satisfaction. There was a big turn out of the upper crust; the hall, though not full, had in fully $400. On Mr. H. Rumsey presenting himself, he is said to have received the greatest reception ever given to a minstrel performer by an audience. When he had played his "Merry Bells of England" on the banjo, the call for a repetition was tremendous, but the gentleman politely declined. Sam Sharpley also delighted the folks with his wit and drolleries; Sam has, without doubt, one of the best minstrel shows traveling. Our correspondent Don says—"There is one little fault in the first part, and that is, in Sam telling all the gags himself. Good as they are, it looks somewhat odd coming from one end."

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS at Boston are in want of a good wench dancer; one capable of taking female characters in pieces preferred. See advertisement elsewhere.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTREL HALL, Boston, has been entirely remodelled, enlarged, newly ventilated, frescoed, new stage and new scenery. The house will hold now about 1,900 people. The managers announce the commencement of the tenth season on the 22nd inst., with a company the same as the past three years, among whom are the following:—Johnny Pell, Billy Morris, Lon. Morris, Eph Horn, R. Fredericks, F. Wilmarth, E. W. Prescott, R. M. Carroll and Queen. An excellent programme is arranged for the opening night.

THE BUCKLEYS pursue the even tenor of their way in Boston, drawing most excellent houses. Their new hall is deservedly popular with the Bostonians, who flock to the Hall every night to laugh at the whimsicalities of Swaine Buckley, Bishop Buckley and J. K. Campbell, listen to the singing of Williams, Murphy and Palmer, and the dancing of Villiers and Masters Joseph and Peter.

MR. CHARLES H. DUPREZ, the enterprising minstrel manager, who has but recently concluded a season of most untoward success in piloting the far famed Duprez & Green's minstrels on a tour in, around, about, and through the United States, is now laying off in clover, enjoying his *otium cum dig.* at his mansion at Hooksett, N. H., from whence he will start out a renewed man after his late laborious business enterprise, on or about September 20th, for Providence, R. I., to reorganize his troupe for another, and we hope, a more successful campaign.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS re-opened their opera house in Philadelphia on the 15th inst., to one of the largest audiences ever gathered in that hall of minstrelsy. They did not open to their full strength, however, and it is doubtful if the entertainment, as a general thing, was as satisfactory as the performances offered last season. This week, we believe, the reserves will be brought up; they consist of the well-known Lew Simmons, Ethiopian comedian; M. Bryan, song and dance man; C. C. Villiers, wench dancer. The orchestra chairs, at 50 cents each, were filled up with "reserved" people. The Eleventh Street Opera House Troupe are to have a bit of opposition in a week or two, Frank Moran—who belonged to this company last season—having taken the small hall in Concert Hall Building, where he proposes to open on the 5th of September with "Frank Moran's Minstrels." It is the same hall that Sam. Sanford once tried, but didn't occupy very long. The hall will be called "Chestnut Street Opera House."

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS organize in Providence, R. I., and give the first show this season in that city about the 20th of September.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS appear at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on the 29th and 30th inst.

SANDERSON'S MINSTRELS continue at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, this week. Verrecke has joined the troupe and is the great card this week.

SANFORD, one of the oldest managers of minstrelsy in this country, brought his season to a close on Saturday last, at Trenton, N. J. Twenty-two years ago Sanford made his *debut* as manager at Trenton, the company comprising Dave Lull, Major Winn, young Percell, and Juba. His company consisted of sixteen performers, and the house on Saturday, we understand, was a jam. Sanford, not to be out of the business entirely, will negotiate for building an opera house in Philadelphia. Mr. S. has great popularity, as his recent engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre proved. First class performers will look out for Sanford, as he says no others need apply. See Manager Sanford's address in his advertisement in another column.

Music Halls.

THE VARIETIES, St. Louis, has had the field all to itself until last week, consequently a large biz has been done. Charles E. Collins, the Cure, appeared on the 8th of August, and, to judge by the applause he received, has made a big hit. Johnny Mack was also well received..... Mr. Derr, the trainer of the sensation horse Don Juan, had a rousing benefit on Friday, the 12th; the pieces played were "Kit Carson" and "The French Spy."........ A new horse piece, written by J. F. Peole, entitled "Olitipa," was produced on the 15th. Our correspondent, "Don," says:—"Miss Vance played with her usual ability, and the comic parts of Cupid, a negro, Teddy Magee, and Obadiah Straight, by Messrs. Mack, Cony, and Barrett, were very good. Mr. B. F. Jaques gave good effect to the savage Indian Chief, Mananto. Some of the other characters were very quisby, with the exception of Sallie Mason and Lida Hibbard, who are always up to the mark. ......Kitty O'Neil, and Little Mac are great favorites as ever. .....Mrs. Hathaway is engaged at this establishment as leading lady, and will appear, it is expected, on Monday, the 22d inst. The Varieties company is as follows:—Kathleen O'Neil, Kate Vance, Celia Morley, Lida Hibbard, M'lle Sallie, Little Flora, Frances Le Roy, Sallie Mason, Johnny Mack, C. E. Collins, Little Mac, and Messrs. Berry, Cony, Barrett, Jaques, Chapman, Derr, Crooker, Leonard, Leslie, McIntosh, Noxon, Raymond, Eddy, Williams, and Vogel, a large ballet troupe and a full orchestral band, led by Mons. B. Vogel."

THE OLD BOWERY (Jake Esher's), St. Louis, reopened on the 15th with the following goodly array:—Misses Carrie Avery, Clara Day, Sallie Florence, Maggie Marshall, Mary Warren, Emily Sigel; Messrs. W. Gray, Hank Mason, Hen Mason, Master Morrissey, J. McLaughlen, Frank Sigel, and Johnny Allen, who advertises himself as "the only genuine perfect Cure in the profession." Our correspondent says:—"By what right he claims *the Cure* as his genuine act, I am at a loss to know. His opening act was the Active Boy, an act brought to this country by Charles E. Collins, and sung by him at the Varieties last evening. Not right, Mr. Allen, to steal acts and advertise yourself as the genuine article."

THE OLD MUSEUM, Baltimore, Md., so long silent and desolate, again—under the name of the New Canterbury—echoes to the mighty applause showered upon the performances of the company engaged there. Joyous voices have dispelled the quiet of its deserted walls, the flash of gaiety is substituted for the gloom of neglect, and each trace of decay has been obliterated. Miss Helene Smith, whose re-appearance, after an absence of several years, has created by her graceful dancing and sweet and winning smile a host of admirers, is greeted nightly on her appearance by shouts of applause and *encores.* Misses Ida Devere, Rosa Volland and Frances Gardner are also great favorites. Messrs. Budd Howard, Pony Smith, Clark Welles, Billy Chambers, and Master "Bobby," the young jig dancer and delineator, all come in for a share of the popular appreciation. Messrs. Minor & White, the proprietors, are said to have made a decided "hit" by opening this old and favorite place of resort of the amusement loving people of Baltimore.

CANTERBURY HALL, Washington, had several new additions to its company last week. Among the new faces we find Agnes Sutherland, Sallie Sunderland, and Szollosy, the *maitre de ballet.* In addition to these, there are at present performing there a very good variety company, consisting of the Wesner Sisters, Mulligan, West, Williams, Dougherty and Redden. The farce of "Wanted a Thousand Milliners" was performed each night last week.

THE NEW BOWERY, St. Louis, closed on Saturday night, the 13th, the opposition being too strong.

M'LLE AUGUSTA, from McVicker's, Chicago, opens at Deagle's Varieties with Mons. Tophoff on the 22d.

CANTERBURY HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., has added another star to its galaxy of talent, under the name of Ned Wray, banjoist and comedian, in conjunction with Lizzie La Grange, Mollie Florence, Lizzie Lane, Huey Morton, Ned Haven, Joe Miller, Andy Williams, J. B. Whitman, Geo. Blake, Harry Mestayer and Frank Gladet, making a large and good company.

SANFORD'S HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., under the management of Wells & Co., is doing a fair business. The management announces the engagement, for one week, of S. S. Sanford, J. Myers, Frank Diamond and Billy Welsh, who will appear on Monday, 22d inst.

MISS VIOLA CLIFTON, the well known vocalist, has retired from the stage, and rumor says she is shortly to be married to a leading merchant of Baltimore, on whom, it appears, she made a deep impression while performing at the Gemote Palace.

THE NEW OLYMPIC, Cincinnati, located on Sixth street, near Main, was opened for the first time on the 20th inst, under the management of W. S. Hutchins, with the following performers: The Whiting Sisters, Mr. Harry Blood, M'dlles Lizzie and Agnes, Mr. Tom Cane, Master John Mitchell, Miss Lizzie Wilson, a Corps De Ballet, and a Stock Company.

THE VARIETIES, Detroit, Michigan, is in full operation for the fall and winter season. Among the performers engaged there last week were Tim Hayes, the clog dancer, Miss Maude Stanley, vocalist; Sig. Constantin, O. W. Blake, Wm. Scott, E. J. Melville, J. Campbell, M. Foster, Thos. Russell, J. R. Judge, M'lles Estella, Celestine, and Elise, Mrs. E. C. Buell, and the Misses Weston and Carle.

THE MILITARY drama of the "Scout of the Potomac" was brought out at the National, Cincinnati, on the 16th inst., with Harry Clifford, J. R. White, T. R. Duncan, G. R. Edeson and Maggie Friel in the caste.

CHRIS. NORRIS, manager of the Casino, Philadelphia, was badly injured in that city a few days since, by G. Brotherton, who, it is alleged, struck Mr. Norris with some weapon, by which his jaw was fractured. The assault was committed, it is said, because Mr. N. had said something against his (Brotherton's) brother, but Mr. Norris denies knowing the man. Brotherton was bound over in $1500 to answer at court.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, resumes operations on the 22d inst. R. Fox is lessee; C. Norris, business manager; Jas. Pilgrim, stage manager; and R. Thiodon, leader of orchestra. The company will comprise, among others, J. C. Wallace, Irish vocalist and comedian; Chas. O'Connor, Irish vocalist; Hughey Dougherty, Ethiopian comedian; Billy Holmes, comic singer; Miss Clara Fowler, danseuse; Ada Tesman, Susie Summerfield, Millie Kilmeyer, L. and C. Robinson, Rose Lee, Addie Johnson, M. Jackson, Ida Williams; J. Pilgrim, J. Clark Wells, W. H. Jess, R. M. J. Siner, W. J. Ward, Master Bobby, and Geo. Smith, ballet master.

VOCALISTS AND DANSEUSES wishing to take a trip to California can do so by addressing "SHERRY CORBYN," who is at present in the city in search of talent. See advertisement elsewhere.

THREE PREMIER DANSEUSES are wanted for the Academy of Music, New Orleans; also, two second danseuses, three vocalists, etc. See James Conner and Co.'s advertisement in another column.

LOUIS ZANFRETTA'S address is inquired for. If left at this office, it will be handed to the inquirer.

Circuses.

THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUS will exhibit this week as follows: Hamburg, Pa., 22d, Kutztown 23d, Allentown 24th, and Catasauqua 25th.

YANKEE ROBINSON is doing an "immense business," says a correspondent. He is now in the region round about Oskaloosa, Iowa. By an advertisement elsewhere, it will be seen that the indomitable Yankee wants some one to break in horses, ponies, monkies, mules, etc. Address him instanter at Independence, Iowa.

"OLD CARY'S" GREAT WORLD CIRCUS was at St. Paul on the 18th and 19th, St. Anthony, 20th, and was to be at Minneapolis on the 22d. The party are traveling by boat.

THE SETH B. HOWES' CIRCUS will visit the following towns in Illinois: Bloomington 24th, Clinton 25th, Decatur 26th, Lincoln 27th, and Springfield 29th.

MRS. WARNER'S CIRCUS was at Allentown, Pa., on the 19th, and Cherryville, 20th. On the 23d they visit Belvidere, N. J., 24th, Newton, and 25th Port Jervis.

THAYER & NOYES' CIRCUS, with a portion of Van Amburgh's Menagerie, will visit Easton, Pa., 23d, [illegible]entown 24th, Quakertown 25th, Doylestown 26th, and Norristown 27th.

THE METROPOLITAN CIRCUS (Alex. Robinson's party) will visit Kutztown, Pa., on the 23d, Allentown [illegible], and Catasauqua 25th. The agent is running the gag of the party having been captured by the rebels at the last raid on Chambersburg, and that they paid $15,000 to be ransomed (how are you, ransomed ?), which the proprietor promptly hands [illegible]ever, and went on his way

rejoicing at saving his property, but lamenting the loss of his money, which he trusts a generous public will soon make up for him. It's a pretty good gag, but it is likely to do them more harm than good. We gave the correct version of the "retreat" in a former number of the CLIPPER.

O'BRIEN & KING'S CIRCUS was at Port Hudson, Mich., on the 19th and 20th. Billy Naylor has been sick the past two weeks and had to leave the show. He is getting better now.

STONE, ROSSTON & CO'S CIRCUS played four days in Boston last week to good houses, and turned away hundreds every night. Hutchinson's dogs proved a great feature. Murray is said to be good, and Siegrist is doing his best. Madame Macarte rides a good act, and Eaton Stone, the bare-back rider, is a good card. The route ahead is as follows: Taunton, Mass., 23d; New Bedford, 24th; Fall River, 25th; Providence, R. I., 26th and 27th; and will be in Hartford, Ct., Sept. 14th and 15th.

CIRCUS & SHOW PEOPLE are notoriously fond of good living and good accommodation; hence we are sure they will thank us for giving them the cue in regard to the best hotel in Wooster, O., known as Crandel's Exchange. E. D. Ely, proprietor, where they will always find "excellent entertainment for man and beast." See Mr. Ely's advertisement in another column.

THE SETH B. HOWES' Circus expects to close up the season about the 15th of September at St. Louis.

Miscellaneous.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and Wm. Hayward closed their Oregon trip at Jacksonville, July 15th. On the 18th they appeared at Yreka, Cal.

HARRY LESLIE was lying severely ill at St. Louis, as we learn by a letter dated Aug. 12th. He was attacked with chills and fever, caused by lying out at nights in July, when doing military duty.

DOG-DAYS, according to the calendar, are about over, but, in connection with dramatic amusements, we hope it is not so; for, what is better calculated to please than one of those capital performances as given by Henry Cooke and his sagacious canines and erudite monkeys? Let those managers who wish to give their audiences a novel show, engage Mr. Cooke and his educated troupe of animated nature. His address will be found in our advertising columns.

MR. CHAS. B. GRISTE, the well-known advance agent for La Rue's War Show, is at present disengaged, he being obliged to leave the War Show some time since, owing to ill health. Having recovered, he is prepared to negotiate with managers for the travelling season. Mr. Griste is a good, reliable man, judging from the flattering recommendation from his last employer, published in a card to be found in another part of the CLIPPER.

JACKSON HAINES, the celebrated American skater, sailed for Europe from Boston on the 17th inst., in the steamship Africa. Mr. Haines goes fully equipped for summer and winter skating, and will endeavor to show our European friends what New York can do on skates. Mr. H. is a native of the city of New York, is 26 years of age, and has been before the public for several years as a public performer on skates, both on the ice and on the boards of various theatres and halls throughout the country, in which speciality he has achieved the most wonderful success. He will proceed to London immediately on his arrival in England, giving performances there; afterwards make the provincial tour, and visit all Europe before he returns to America. We wish him every success.

PROF. JAMES, wizard, and Wells Genther, comedian, started out from Columbia, Ohio, on the 11th inst., for the purpose of giving entertainments.

PROF. W. J. MCALLISTER is in Montreal, C. E., three days this week, commencing on the 22d. His route ahead from there is as follows: Quebec, C. E., 26th and 27th; Cornwall, 30th; Brockville, C. W., 31st; Kingston, Sept. 1st; Cobourg, 2d: Peterborough, 3d; Port Hope, 5th; Oshawa, 6th; Toronto, 7th and 8th, and Hamilton, 9th. He goes thence for the State Fairs in the West.

BASSETT'S HALL, Willimantic, Conn., large enough to accommodate about 800 people, has recently been put through a course of ornamentation, etc., and is advertised as to be let in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

A LECTURER for a Panorama, who claims to be fully qualified, advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for an engagement. Address R. Grant Barnwell, Philadelphia, Pa.

A YOUNG LADY of small stature is wanted as magician's page. See Brook's advertisement.

AN AGENT is in want of a situation to travel with a company. See advertisement elsewhere.

MAD. ANNA BISHOP, assisted by her daughter Louisa and Mr. A. Sedgwick, gave a concert at Toronto, C. W., on the 17th inst.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MR. J. C. ELLIS, late of the Theatre Royal, Belfast, was married, July 14th, to Miss Bessie Shaw.

MR. CHAS. TETT, well known in the musical world of London, and formerly Secretary to the Choral Fund, died July 28th, in his 74th year. Forty years ago, no musical drama brought out at the Covent-garden Theatre failed to include in the cast Messrs. S. Tett, C. Tett, Shegog, &c., as the representatives of those not very prominent, but yet indispensable personages who always came in when required to sing the chorus.

THE OLD played-out drama of "The Poor of New York" was produced at the Princess' Theatre, London, Aug. 1st, under the title of "The Streets of London," as a new drama. It is in three acts, by Boucicault, and is an alteration from the original of "Les Pauvres de Paris." An English adaptation was prepared by Sterling Coyne for the Surrey Theatre, London, and produced March, 1857, as "Fraud and its Victims." Another version by Banet was played at the Strand Theatre under the title of "Pride and Poverty." At the Princess' the piece was well received the first night. The success of the piece is the *tableau* of a house on fire. Such a vivid representation of reality the stage has, it is said, never furnished, as that which Mr. G. Vining and his scenic artist have contrived to bring before a startled public in the "House on Fire," which forms the most striking pictorial feature of the piece. The bill wisely prepares the audience for the nature of the scene, but if the programme had been less communicative the surprise of the spectators might have been exceeded by their terror. It is this stupendous "effect" which has become the talk of the town.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS is announced for an early appearance at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN has taken a fresh lease of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, for seven years.

MISS MARRIOTT concluded her provincial engagement at Queen's Theatre, Hull, Aug. 7th. She declines all other engagements, intending to visit Paris to recruit her health and procure novelty, previously to her commencing the winter season at Sadler's Wells, London, in September.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....................HENRY WOOD.
THE BEST VENTILATED HALL IN THE CITY.
CROWDED HOUSES.
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
MONDAY, AUGUST 22,
And every evening during the week,
THE CONSCRIPTS, LOONEY NAPOLEON,
THE MILLER AND HIS MEN,
THE BLUNDERING SERVANT,
THE RACES, &c.,
Received nightly with shouts of applause.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 20

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.
199 and 201 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
STILL ANOTHER GREAT CHANGE.
ALL THE STARS
IN NEW AND SPECIFIC ACTS.
This week,
UN BALLO ME-SCARO,
SUSEY BROWN,
"I'D GIVE THE WORLD TO KNOW,"
RAW RECRUITS,
WILLIE GUY'S
BEST SONG AND DANCE.
EVERYBODY
IN THEIR BEST EFFORTS.
NO RAISE IN PRICES.
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This favorite establishment having been thoroughly renovated, re-painted, re-decorated, &c.,
OPENED FOR THE SEASON
ON MONDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1864,
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THE ILLUMINATED GARDEN OPEN EVERY EVENING.
Positively LAST SIX NIGHTS of the engagement of the distinguished artiste,
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MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 22, will be presented the thrilling drama, written by C. W. Tayleure, entitled
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The Cast embraces every member of the Company.
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Incidental Spanish Dance by Mlle. Martinetti. 20

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Sole Proprietor.................MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, August 23, 1864.
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A NEW GORGEOUS CURTAIN AND PROSCENIUM.
Also A NEW ACT DROP, all designed and painted by Mr. John Thorne.
TWO ENTIRE NEW DRAMAS—THREE PIECES.
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The new drama of
LITTLE DAISY,
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ROBBERS OF THE PYRRENEES.
Mr. G. W. Thompson, Geo. Brookes, Geo. Lingard, Mrs. W. G. Jones. 20

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And to
ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
After a Managerial life of
TWENTY-TWO YEARS,
I have disbanded my troupe, and will for the next few months take a recess, not in the mountains but in quiet Philadelphia.
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Having several sites suitable, providing the greenbacks can be produced in advance, I will produce an equal amount with three others, or one fourth with any responsible and respectable individual (white).
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WONDERFUL AND TALENTED TROUPE
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Address "STRANGER," CLIPPER Office, N. Y. 11-tf

The Championship Four Oared Boat Races
AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

GREAT GALA WEEK AMONG THE AQUATIC SPORTS.

FIRST DAY'S RACING.

THE GEORGE J. BROWN, OF NEW YORK,
VS.
THE TWILIGHT, OF PITTSBURGH,
FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE.

THE NEW YORK BOYS VICTORIOUS.

TIME 33 MINUTES 30 SECONDS.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1864.

The week just passed will long be remembered as one of the most eventful in the records of American aquatics, in consequence of the two important and intensely exciting rowing contests which were then brought to a decision. We allude, of course, to the great four-oared boat races between New York and Pittsburgh, and between Pittsburgh and Poughkeepsie, for $1000 a side each match, which were rowed on the Hudson river at Poughkeepsie, on the 17th and 18th inst. In order to make our record of these memorable aquatic contests complete, we shall briefly recapitulate the circumstances which led to the making and arrangement of the matches in question.

In the CLIPPER of July 9th, we published a challenge from the crew of the Pittsburgh four-oared boat Twilight, offering to row any four-oared boat or boats in the United States or British Provinces a five-mile race, for a sweepstakes of $1,000 each. They offered to give $200 expenses for any boats that visited Pittsburgh, where it was proposed the race should come off, and the Stranger of Poughkeepsie and the Geo. J. Brown of New York were especially invited to enter for this sweepstakes race. To this *defi* we published in our issue the following week a reply from the crew of the Geo. J. Brown, in which they accepted the Twilight's challenge, and naming the 28th of July as the time. The Pittsburgh crew at once staked $1,200 ($1,000 for stakes and $200 for expenses), but some delay ensued on the part of the New York crew, the circumstances of which were stated at the time in our columns. At last the two crews came to terms, the principal alteration in the original terms proposed being a change of the course from the Monongahela at Pittsburgh to the Hudson at Poughkeepsie, and for which an allowance of $200 expenses was made to the crew of the Twilight. In the articles it was especially mentioned, that if the day chosen for the race should be windy, and the judges considered the course too rough for fair rowing, the race should be postponed to the next calm day. And here we must express our admiration for the promptness and straightforward manliness which characterised the conduct of the Pittsburgh crew in the arrangement of this match, and their willing disposition to give way on every point that might interpose an objection. Tuesday, 16th inst., was the day fixed for the match, and four o'clock, P. M., the hour named for the start. At the same time, the Pittsburgh crew signed articles for a match with the crew of the Poughkeepsie four-oared boat, the Stranger, over the same course, of five miles, as the match with Geo. J. Brown, and for a similar stake of $1,000 a side; the race to be rowed on the 18th inst., or two days after the contest with the New York crew. Both matches being now fairly under way, the three crews commenced a regular, systematic course of training. In this respect, the Pittsburgh men had a decided advantage, as, in anticipation of the match, they had been undergoing a careful preparation some weeks previous. The New York men only signed articles for the match about three weeks before the day appointed and therefore had a much shorter time for getting into condition. Their daily avocations, however, as professional oarsmen, conduces to their being always in a forward state of preparation. About a week before the match they took up their quarters at Poughkeepsie, for the double purpose of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the course to be rowed over, and putting the final polish on their muscular development. Here they were joined by the Pittsburgh boys, who arrived in Poughkeepsie on the 8th inst., with their boat, the Twilight, and at once commenced active work on the waters of the Hudson, having their fellow-townsman, Jimmy Hamill, as their aquatic mentor and supervisor of their training. The Poughkeepsie crew of the Stranger were also in strong work, and it was no unusual sight to see the three boats on the river at the same time.

The morning of Tuesday, the 16th inst., dawned bright and clear, giving promise of a fine and favorable day for the first match between the New York and Pittsburgh crews. Taking our passage on board the Albany steamer, the Chauncy Hibbard, we found ourselves among a crowd of well-known sports bound to the scene of contest, including Alec. Mason, Tom Walsh, Jim McGowan, Jake Roome, Kelly, Councilman Hayes, Ed. Haggerty, Dumphy, William Wood, Pat Lynch, William Radford, the newly arrived English oarsman, John Lawrence, Capt. Boyle, ex-Alderman William Walsh, looking well and hearty after his transAtlantic voyage, and a hundred others.

Although there were a large number of Pittsburghers on board, no demonstration in the way of betting was made until arriving at Newburgh, where Josh Ward, Gregory, Sam Ostrander, Major Brown, Ennis, and other well-known patrons of aquatic sports came on board. Enquiries were made as to the state of the betting, and were informed that the New York crew were the favorites at $100 to $90. The Pittsburgh party offered to bet even money on their representatives, and after several hundreds had been invested at this rate, so anxious was the disposition shown by the visitors from the "Smoky City" to "get on," that they offered $100 to $80 on the Twilight. This sudden change in the betting somewhat paralysed business, and few more transactions took place until Poughkeepsie was reached. Here we found an immense crowd assembled on the dock to receive the new comers. The number of Pittsburghers present was very large, they having taken advantage of the excursion tickets issued by the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia railroad to visit the Empire City, and witness the anticipated double victory of their champions over the crack oarsmen of New York and Poughkeepsie. Jimmy Hamill and his brother, John, were the first we met and greeted, along with the jolly and jovial ex-Chief of the Fire Department of Pittsburgh, Billy White, moving among the crowd with his wonted activity, and offering to bet $80 against $100, and "give a man his choice." We came across, to our surprise, the popular old sport, little Tommy Burns, of No. 1 Barclay street, formerly of Nautilus Hall, Staten Island. But three weeks before, we had heard of his being laid up by the heels by his ancient foe, inflammatory rheumatism, who had attacked him more vigorously than ever. A visit to Sharon Springs, however, had done wonders for him in a very short time, and he assured us he was as sound and hearty as he was when he witnessed the race between the oarsmen of New York and St. Johns, N. B., in Boston harbor many years ago.

The start was appointed for four o'clock, P. M., a most unnecessarily late and inconvenient hour, as it proved; the water was calm until about 3 o'clock, but at ebb tide a slight Southerly breeze sprung up, which ruffled the surface of the river. At the hour appointed, the water was in such a condition that neither party were willing to start, as rowing without swamping was virtually impossible. It was therefore decided to wait until later, with the hope of the wind going down. The immense crowds who lined the wharves, and side of the river, and covered the famed Koll Rock, continued patiently to await the race notwithstanding the sun was pouring down its burning rays upon their devoted heads. The hotels where the two crews had taken up their quarters, (the Twilight at Lockwood's Exchange hotel on the Dock, and the George J. Brown at Dobbs' in Main street) were crowded with anxious partisans and backers, eager to gather the slightest particular as to the time of starting. About half-past five o'clock, the breeze subsided, and the water appeared sufficiently calm to row the race, but experienced judges asserted that the river in the vicinity of the upper stakeboat was too rough for any boat to turn without danger of swamping, and after a long consultation between Messrs Brown and Fleming, who acted for the two crews, it was decided that the race should be postponed until the following morning at 9 o'clock. This announcement gave the most intense dissatisfaction, as a vast number had come from a great distance to witness the race, (Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, and New York, being largely represented) and its postponement was entirely unexpected by all. There was no help for it, and all bets being consequently drawn, there was a vast deal of hurrying to and fro in search of the temporary stakeholders. Many persons who had bet agreed to let their money abide by the result of the race next day, but many thousands of dollars that had been staked by parties who could not remain, were drawn.

Next morning (Wednesday), the cloudy, lowering sky betokened rain, and at 8 o'clock it began to descend heavily. The hour appointed for starting was 9 o'clock, and long before that hour the headquarters of the crew were besieged by interested crowds. It was announced that as the river was calm and favorable the race would be rowed notwithstanding the rain. Betting became brisk, but by no means so much so as on the previous day, many of the large betters having departed. On the first day, Mr. Geo. Thompson, of Poughkeepsie, was agreed upon as referee, but he declined to act on the ensuing day. Mr. William Wood, the well-known gymnast, and a gentleman thoroughly conversant with aquatic sports, was named in his place, and mutually agreed to by both parties. The Champion, James Hamill, officiated as umpire for the crew of the Twilight, and Mr. Ogden, of New York, for the George Brown. The Judges' stakeboat was moored in the river right abreast of the Koll Rock, the upper stakeboat being moored exactly two and a half miles up the river; the distance being unusually accurate, from its having been measured on the ice. Just as the boats were summoned to start, a steam tug with canal boats passed up the river, and a little delay ensued until they were out of distance, and we shall take advantage of the interval by describing the boats and crews about to contend for the money at issue.

The crew of the George Brown are all New Yorkers. They are Dennis Leary (stroke), James Biglin (second), John Biglin (third), and Bernard Biglin (bow.) Many a race have these four rowed, and rarely have they been defeated; indeed, we have not space to particularize all the victories they have obtained. Boston, Worcester, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Bridgeport, and Harlem have repeatedly been the scenes of their triumphs. The boat in which they now rowed, is one built by Jewett, of London, and imported by a Boston crew some two years ago. Not liking her, they made a present of her to the Brown crew, who had her altered by New York's most famous boatbuilder, James McKay, the superintendent of Stephen Roberts' extensive establishment, and named her after their old boat, as well as after their firm friend and backer, "Geo. J. Brown." In her they rowed and won the four-oared race at the recent Worcester Regatta, where her beautiful model and easy action in cleaving the waters excited the universal admiration of the aquatic connoisseurs present on that occasion. She is built of Spanish cedar, and measures 43 feet in length and 20 inches in width.

The Twilight, of Pittsburgh, was built by James McKay, of this city, about four years ago. She is of Spanish cedar, 36 feet long by 28 inches wide; consequently the Brown has seven feet the advantage in length, besides being a much finer and more elegant model. Her crew consists of W. Campbell (stroke), Jacob Menges (second), A. W. White (third), and Joe Bash (bow.) Although an old boat, it is alleged that her crew have rowed her three miles in nineteen and a half minutes; extraordinary fast time, it must be acknowledged, and never yet made in any public race. Her crew are a trifle heavier men than the Brown men, averaging about 154 lbs. each, while the latter do not exceed an average of 153 lbs. each man.

THE RACE.

At last the steam-tug having progressed sufficiently far to be out of the way of interference, the boats were summoned to the judge's boat for the start. The Twilight having won the choice of position, took the inside course; her crew's colors were pink shirts and red caps, while "all white" was the livery of the Brownites. The judges disagreeing as to the mode of starting, whether by word of mouth or the firing of a pistol, they tossed up for choice, and Mr. Ogden winning, he decided that it should be by report of pistol. As the boats rowed up to take their positions, the contrast between the long, light, and elegant shell of the New York crew and the shorter and more lumbering boat of the oarsmen of the Smoky City, was very marked. Just as they got into line, the rain, which had been steadily descending, ceased altogether, and continued fair throughout the race. Precisely at 9:48 the signal was given and the oars of both crews flashed in the water at the same moment. A dozen strokes had not been taken before one of the Biglins "caught a crab," but little or nothing was lost in consequence. There was a very striking difference between the style of pulling of the two crews, as well as in their boats. The stroke of the Pittsburgh men was very short but quick, and powerful, and evidently modelled after that of the accomplished Champion oarsman himself. Hamill informed us that the crew could keep up this stroke at the rate of sixty to the minute for the entire five miles, but still it was easy to discern that it was far inferior in effect to the stroke of the Brown crew, which was long, easy, and powerful as the action of a beautiful piece of machinery. Although they made but thirty-six strokes in the minute, yet at the impulsion of every stroke, the light craft flew like an arrow through the waters. Opposite the steamboat landing the Brown was half a boat's length ahead, and at the Brewery was leading a clear length, with the Twilight toiling hopelessly behind; it being clear at this point that their quick short stroke, although astonishingly effective when propelled by the vast muscular power of a Hamill, was not adapted to a four oared boat. The inferiority of their boat as compared with that of the Brown was visible to every one, the latter gracefully cleaving through the water, while the former seemed to labor in comparison in her motion. Passing the brewery, the Brown continued to gain at every stroke, drawing rapidly away from the Twilight, whose utmost exertions could not enable them to decrease the gradually widening gap between them. The New York boat turned the stakeboat *forty seconds* ahead of their opponent, and any odds could have been obtained on their winning. Returning on the home course, they rowed leisurely in advance, giving the "Lady Hamill" stroke as they passed the judges stakeboat, amid the most exciting cheering from the crowds that lined the shore, three hundred yards ahead of the Pittsburgh boat, and completed the five miles in *thirty-three minutes thirty seconds.*

This result and hollow defeat took the Pittsburgh party by surprise. In their overruling confidence, inspired by the repeated victories of Hamill over Ward, they had never calculated upon defeat, and the result came upon them like a thunder-clap. They, however, manfully "acknowledged the corn," and paid their losses like men. They could not however be induced to speculate on the following day's race, although Mr. George J. Brown, the principal backer of the winning boat (who it was stated won over $8000 on the race), offered repeatedly $1000 to $500 on the Poughkeepsie crew. Among other large winners were Messrs. Ostrander, Mason, and W. Walsh, etc. Jos. Ward, who fancied the Pittsburghers, was a loser, as was also Jimmy Hamill to a large amount, the latter being very sanguine of success. It was a fortunate circumstance for the partisans of the Twilight that the race did not take place on the first day, or their losses would have been considerably heavier, many of the backers of the New York boat not being present on the second day.

SECOND DAY'S RACING.

THE "STRANGER," OF POUGHKEEPSIE, VS. THE "TWILIGHT," OF PITTSBURGH,

FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE.

POUGHKEEPSIE VICTORIOUS.

TIME—35MIN. 30SECS.

The race between the above boats was fixed for Thursday, the 18th inst., over the same course as the race between the George J. Brown and the Twilight, and for the same amount, viz., one thousand dollars a side, came off at the time appointed. There was a very large attendance of spectators to witness the contest, as the weather was more favorable than on the preceding day's match. Speculation there was little or none, for the Pittsburgh party were too much dispirited at the result of the first race, to accept the $100 to $30 that were currently offered against them. The crew of the Poughkeepsie boat—the Stranger—comprised William Stevens, Homer Wooden, William Burger and E. Beneway. They are well known among aquatic sports, and have rowed and won many races; among others, they had beaten the George J. Brown crew over this course at the Poughkeepsie regatta of 1860. Their boat, the "Stranger," is 43ft. 3in. long, by 35in. wide, and weighs 205lbs.

Although the race was appointed to take place at 4 o'clock, P. M., it was near six when the boats drew into line for the start. There was a very large assemblage gathered together to witness the race. When the word was given, both boats started badly, the Twilight being unable to take advantage of the slowness in getting off of the Stranger. The latter, however, soon settled to their work, and the superiority of their long, powerful, steady stroke over the quick, short pulls of their opponents, was very conspicuous. At every stroke they kept increasing their lead, and so palpable was their superior pulling, that $100 to $1.50 was actually offered and taken in one quarter. At the lower stakeboat they were fully a quarter of a mile ahead, and they won the race by nearly double that distance; the Twilight returning to the dock and not passing the stakeboat; time, 35min. 30sec.

Thus terminated these two great aquatic contests; the representatives of the Smoky City being unsuccessful in both. Attributing their defeat by the George J. Brown to the superior speed of the boat the crew of the latter rowed in, they have purchased the sister boat, which the New Yorkers had at Poughkeepsie, and purpose practising regularly in her. Whether they will again measure oars with either or both of their victors, we are unable to say at present.

GIL. WARD CHALLENGES HAMILL.

At the Poughkeepsie regatta, Gil. Ward, the brother of the ex-Champion, challenged Hamill to row a five mile race for five hundred dollars a side, on the Hudson River at Cornwall. The following are the terms he proposes:

CORNWALL, Aug. 16, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I will row Mr. James Hamill a race of five miles for five hundred dollars a side, in two or four weeks from date of this publication.

I will give him a smooth course and guarantee him a fair show and no favor.

This race to come off at Newburgh or Cornwall. I will place a deposit of one hundred dollars in the hands of the editor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, as a forfeit to make a match on the above conditions, where any communications on the subject may be addressed and will be immediately attended to.

Respectfully, GILBERT WARD.

We are induced to believe that the Champion will not row for a less amount than twenty-five hundred dollars a side, giving or receiving five hundred dollars for expenses to row at Pittsburgh or on the Hudson. However, we shall be glad to hear Mr. Hamill himself "declare his intentions."

ROWING MATCH AT POUGHKEEPSIE—WARD VS. STEVENS.—On Thursday, the 25th inst., the sculling match for five hundred dollars a side between Gil. Ward, the present aspirant for the Championship, and Stevens, comes off on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie. From the well-known merits of these old opponents, they having rowed together on four previous occasions, on three of which Ward was the victor, a most exciting contest is anticipated.

A FOUR-OARED BOAT RACE AT HAMILTON, C. W.

The long-talked-of race between the four-oared outriggers Dixie and Express, which has been looked forward to by many with unusual interest, took place there on the evening of Aug. 17. At about half-past five, the Hero steamed to the starting point off Brown's wharf, where the two boats were in readiness, waiting for the signal to start. As this race has given rise to more than ordinary excitement, we give the names of the gentlemen who made up the crews of the boats respectively.

G. W. R. Boat "Express." LIGHT BLUE.		*City Boat "Dixie."* RED.	
1. G. E. Smith	120 lbs.	1. R. Duncan	125 lbs.
2. H. C. Wynn	135 "	2. J. Gay	140 "
3. W. Patriarche	144 "	3. M. Furlong	165 "
Stroke, J. Little	149 "	Stroke, J. A. Smith	136 "
Cox. A. Robb	95 "	Cox. J. Phelan	125 "

A. Haskin acted as starter, and D. McCraney as referee. At six o'clock precisely the boats floated abreast of one another at the starting buoy, all in readiness for the signal, which was given at about one minute past six. The distance was 3½ miles over a straight course. Both boats struck out vigorously for the lead, and the Dixie for a few strokes gained it, but very soon the Express overtook her and passed her. Some difficulty must have been encountered in steering by a straight course for the flag boat, as a dense fog prevailed. The Express continued to gain until she had passed the Dixie about ten lengths, when the Dixie's crew made most strenuous efforts to regain their lost position; but "a stern chase is a long chase," and so it proved in the present instance, for although they worked with the most stubborn determination, their competitors no less anxious to maintain their position, and doubtless invigorated by the cheering prospect of success, pulled away with equal obstinacy, and soon they were found to even widen the distance. On nearing Cook's Wharf the G. W. R. men, who had evidently for some time been "rowing within themselves," put on a spurt, and increased their already quick stroke, pulling 43 to the minute. The Express passed the flag boat at exactly twenty minutes past six, having beaten the Dixie by about fifty yards. The firing of a gun by the Referee, which was the signal of her victory, gave rise to hearty cheering from the people, who now lined the shore and available docks whence a view could be obtained. The Hero followed the boats sufficiently close to enable those on board to enjoy a splendid view of the contest, from beginning to end, but not near enough to interfere with or interrupt either of the boats. Both crews are entitled to every credit for their pluck and endurance and the fact that they did not exhibit the slightest symptoms of distress on reaching the flag boat, amply proves that their training must have been severe.

A LITTLE BOAT TALK.

SOME LIGHT THROWN OUT ABOUT THE BOATS GEORGE J. BROWN AND TWILIGHT.

The following communication from an old boating sport will clear up several little matters of importance which have always been a matter of dispute among the respective friends of the Geo. J. Brown, Twilight, Stranger, and other crack boats used in champion races. The losers of any match always have some excuse to make afterwards; if it is not the fault of the men, the boat comes in for the blame, and as boats have no means of setting up a defence, we give our correspondent's letter to let those interested know as much as possible of the respective merits of the different boats:

NEW YORK, July 19, 1864.

FRANK QUEEN:—Sir: As many of the daily papers in their report of the late boat races have stated that the Geo. J. Brown was built in England expressly for them to row this race in, I desire to inform the public of the facts concerning the boat, which was built in England. The boat in which the Brown crew rowed against the Pittsburghers was built in England for the Union Club of Boston, and, together with three other boats, was tried by them about four years ago, *and all three were condemned and never won a race.* Two of them were offered for sale, and I was solicited to buy them, but the alterations they required were so great that I refused. Subsequently the Brown crew procured one and brought it to my shop to be altered, as they could not do anything with her as she was then. They were informed that she could be made a fast boat, but to do so, she would have to be entirely remodelled. They agreed to leave the whole thing to me, and after changing all the seats, making the boat wider on the top from stem to stern, with other important alterations, she was pronounced a fast boat. On learning that the Pittsburghers were about making a match against the Brown, word was sent on to them not to match their boat, the Twilight, against the Geo. J. Brown under any circumstances, as she, the Twilight, was not only a heavier, but a wider and shorter boat, but they had such confidence in the crew that they thought they could beat the world in almost any kind of a boat. The result of the race, however, has learned them a lesson *not to depend altogether on the men in a rowing race,* which will be of great benefit to them in future. As regards the boat, Geo. J. Brown, if she is a good boat now, Mr. James McKay, now in my employ, deserves the credit of making her what she is, for he put ten days' labor on her in alterations. There is now in my shop one of the other English boats, left there to go through the same process of Americanising to suit our crews; this boat is being altered for the Pittsburgh men, as they are determined to find out whether it was the fault of the crew or the boat which lost them the race. This is real pluck, after dropping at least $20,000 on their old boat, the Twilight, of which amount every dollar was given up without a murmur, and they now console themselves with the motto, "Better luck next time." In ten days from date the Pittsburghers will have a boat fit to pull in, when we shall see whether the Smoky City can turn out a champion four-oared crew as well as a single sculler. While the Pittsburghers are getting ready we ought to have a race between the George J. Brown and the Poughkeepsie boat. They are both worthy of representing the Empire State as oarsmen. Trusting that such an event may be brought about, and that, too, quickly, now that both the crews are in good condition, I remain yours, etc., STEPHEN ROBERTS, 114th street, N. Y.

THE CORNWALL REGATTA CLUB propose to hold their second annual regatta on Monday, Aug. 29. The prizes offered are: First Race, for boys, $50 and $25; Second Race, for all oarsmen, $175, $100 and $50 for the first, second and third prizes respectively. These latter are very liberal indeed, which, combined with the fact that Cornwall is the native place and residence of Josh. Ward, the famous ex-champion sculler of America, ought to attract numerous entries and a large attendance.

A $1000 SCULLING CHALLENGE.—On the authority of the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* of the 20th inst., we give publicity to the following bold challenge by Walter Brown, of East Boston, to J. Radford, to row a two mile race, single sculls, for $500 or $1000 a side, the race to take place on Charles River. In case Radford does not accept, the challenge is to remain open for one month to any man in Massachusetts. Says the *Gazette*, "Mr. Brown is worthy of commendation for selecting the Charles River course for the match, as it is almost beyond the memory of the most venerable oarsmen of Boston since any race of the kind has taken place here. Radford is an Englishman, lately arrived in this country, who won the scullers race in our Fourth of July regatta so easily that he might as well have gone over the course alone, and followed it up by coming in first at the Worcester city regatta. He pulls a very handsome stroke. At the Worcester regatta he found a close competitor in Brown, his present challenger, who was at the close of the race just thirteen seconds behind." Radford is said to be a perfect steam engine at the sculls, and the only man likely to compete successfully with the American Champion—Hamill of Pittsburgh, so that, in all probability, Mr. Brown will not have to wait long for a response.

PROPOSITION FOR THE TORONTO BOATMEN.—We are authorized to state that the crew of the Geo. J. Brown and the crew of the Poughkeepsie boat will agree to make two matches with the Toronto four-oared crew for $1000 a side each match, to row at Poughkeepsie any time that may suit our Canadian friends, a five mile race, good day and good track, and give $200 each for the expenses of the Toronto men. What have the Canadians to say in response to this offer?

THE GREAT £1000 MATCH
BETWEEN
JOE COBURN AND JEM MACE.

MACE AND SAYERS GOING ON A SPARRING TOUR TOGETHER.

MUSS BETWEEN KING AND MACE.

Coburn and Mace put down another deposit, of £50 a-side, on Thursday, Aug. 4, at Harry Brunton's, Beech street, Barbican, and the next, of a similar amount, is due on Tuesday, Aug. 16. Joe Coburn has been lionising in Liverpool, where he adds daily to his already numerous friends, who think his chance of victory most rosy. Jem Mace and Tom Sayers have come to an arrangement to take a series of sparring benefits in the provinces, commencing with Manchester. In the height of their career these two famous pugilists were anything but "pals," but they have "come together." Mace complains very indignantly of the conduct of Tom King, who, he asserts, promised to find £200 of his battle money in the Coburn match, but shirked out when the necessary call was made upon his pocket. At Brighton races, King and Mace had an angry altercation, when Jem offered his old opponent a sovereign to fight him a round on the spot. Mace now wishes us to state that he will meet King for any amount, from a "fiver" up to £1000. Jem says that he is determined to have a fling at the conqueror of Heenan, and that if King will not fight for money, he will have to fight for nothing, win or lose with Coburn. Mace looks uncommonly well, declares that he never felt better in his life, and is taking great care to keep his constitution in such a state as to stand severe work in training. Mace's next deposit will take place at Mr. James Ward's, the Princess of Wales, Copley street, Stepney Green, E., on Tuesday, Aug. 16, on which occasion Mace and his backer, Harry Brunton, will positively attend.—*Sporting Life, Aug. 10.*

THE TRAP.—A match was shot on the 18th inst., at the house of Conrad Lutz, Bridesburg, Pa., between A. B. Vance and John Cornell. The conditions were: to shoot at twenty-one birds, twenty-one yards' rise, eighty yards' bounds, ½ ounce of shot. The following is the score:

Vance—1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—19 out of 21.
Cornell—1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—19 out of 21.

The match ended in a tie. The gentlemen shoot at the same place on the 24th, for a purse of $200.

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BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Dan-seuse and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 2414, New York. 17-3m*

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The world renowned Equestrienne, Pantomimist, and
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Mr. E. T. Smith takes pleasure in being able to present to the London public the immortal Tartar
POEM AND ROMANCE
in that graphic perfection of interpretation and marvellous grace of heroic embodiment which have so completely identified its dramatic existence with the fame of
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MELO-DRAMATIC ARTISTE!
In the Atlantic States and in California,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN'S
original, startling, and thoroughly artistic creation of
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THE BEAUTIFUL PAGE,
"MAZEPPA,"
THE DEFIANT SWORDSMAN,
"MAZEPPA,"
THE DARING RIDER,
"MAZEPPA,"
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This great artiste received the princely sum of
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KATE DENIN, the Great Sensation Actress, and SAM E. RYAN, the popular Comedian, have played the following engagements the past seasons of 1863 and 1864, commencing at Rochester, N. Y., September 7, for twelve nights, Wellington Meach, manager; Wood's theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, 28th, Duffield & Flynn, managers; Louisville, Ky., at Wood's theatre, October 12, for twelve nights; Nashville theatre, October 26, for twelve nights, Duffield & Flynn, managers; Elmira, N. Y., November 12, for six nights; Theatre, Buffalo, December 7, for six nights; Toronto, Canada, December 14, for twelve nights; Reading, Pa., giving their patchwork entertainment, one night; Williamsport, Pa., January 5, for five nights, W. A. Rouse, manager; Pottsville, Pa., January 13; Tamaqua, January 14; Danville, January 15; Lewisberg, January 17; Elmira, N. Y., January 20, for ten nights; Rochester, February 1, for twelve nights; Indianapolis, Ind., February 15, twelve nights; Columbus, Ohio, February 22, for eleven nights; Boston, at the Howard, March 14, for eleven nights; Harrisburg, Pa., for six nights, March 28; Cairo, Ill., April 14, for twelve nights; Cleveland, Ohio, May 2, for twelve nights; Nashville, Tenn., May 23, for twelve nights; Louisville, Ky., June 6, for six nights; Cincinnati, Ohio, June 13, for six nights; Howard, Boston, June 21, for eleven nights, closing their season at Montreal, Canada, July 5, for twelve nights. Miss Denin and Sam E. Ryan will commence their fall and winter season at De Bar's theatre, St. Louis, on August 17, for ten nights; Cairo, Ill., September 19, eighteen nights; December 5, at Ellsler's theatre, Cleveland, twelve nights; December 19, Buffalo, twelve nights; January 2, 1865, at Rochester theatre, twelve nights; at the Howard, Boston, February 6, eighteen nights; March 19, at Ellsler's theatre, Columbus, Ohio, for twelve nights; Monday, May 1, at Duffield & Flynn's theatre, Cincinnati, twelve nights; May 15, at the Nashville theatre, twelve nights; at Wood's theatre, Louisville, May 29, for twelve nights. All communications directed as above.
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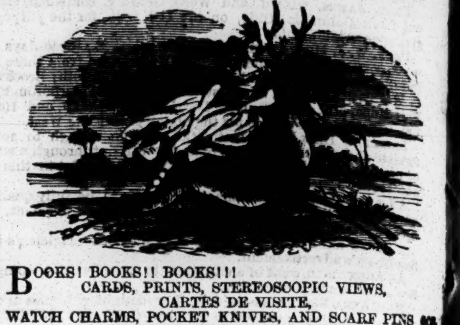

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